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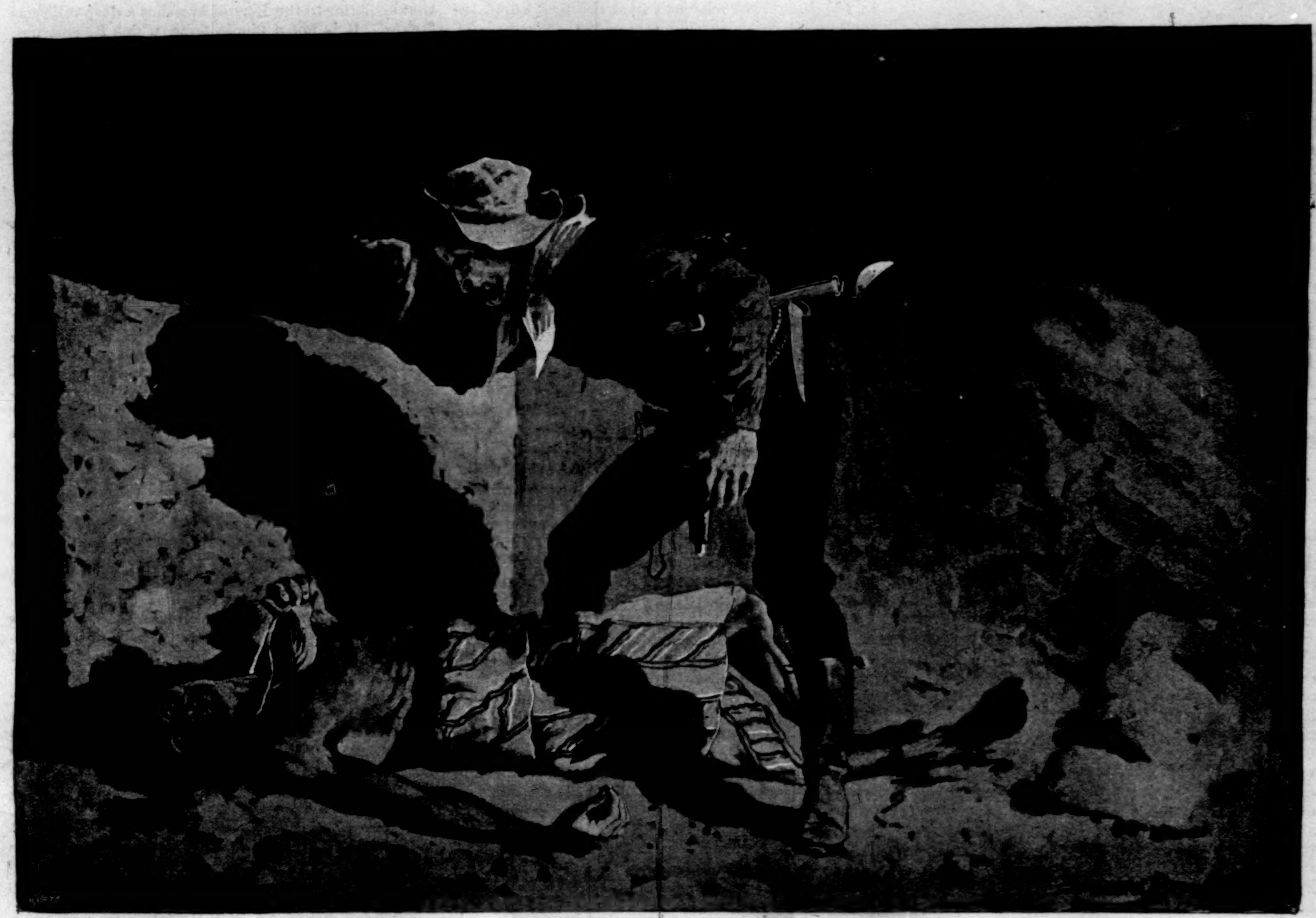

THE DYING CACIQUE.

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER.

Who'd hear great marvels told—
Come listen now!
Who longs for hidden gold—
Come listen now!
Who joys in well-fought fights,
Who yearns for wondrous sights,
Who pants for strange delights—
Come listen now!

For here are marvels told
To listen to!
Here tales of hidden gold
To listen to!
Here gallant men wage fights,
Here pass most wondrous sights,
Here's that which ear delights
To listen to!

PROLOGUE.

"GOD sends nuts to them who have no teeth," which ancient Spanish proverb of contrariety comes strongly to my mind as I set myself to this writing.

By nature am I a studious, book-loving man, having a strong liking for quiet and orderliness. Yet in me also is a strain that urges me, even along ways which are both rough and dangerous, to get beyond book-knowledge, and to examine for myself the abstractions of thought and the concretions of men and things out of the consideration whereof books are made. And I hold that it is because I have thus sought for truth in its original sources, instead of resting content with what passes for truth, being detached fragments of fact which other men have found and have cut and polished to suit themselves, that I have gathered to myself more of it, and in its rude yet perfect native crystals, than has come into the possession of any other modern investigator. In making which strong assertion I am not moved by idle vanity, but by a just and reasonable conception of the intrinsic merit of my own achievement: as will be universally admitted when I publish the great work, now almost ready for the press, upon which, in preparatory study and in convincing discovery, I have been for the past ten years engaged. For I speak well within bounds when I declare that a complete revolution in all existing conceptions of American archæology and ethnology will be wrought when *Pre-Columbian Conditions on the Continent of North America*, by Professor Thomas Palgrave, Ph.D. (Leipsic), is given to the world.

Upon this work I say that I have been engaged for ten years. Rather should I say that I have been engaged upon it for forty years; for its germs were implanted in me when I was a child of but six years old. Before my intelligence at all could grasp the meaning of what I read, my imagination was fired by reading in the pages of Stephens of the wonders which that eminent explorer discovered in Yucatan; and my mind then was made up that I would follow in his footsteps, and in the end go far beyond him, until I should reveal the whole history of the marvellous race whose mighty works he found, but of whose genesis he could only feebly surmise. And this resolve of the child became the dominant purpose of the man. In my college life at Harvard, and in my university life at Leipsic, my studies were directed chiefly to this end. Especially did I devote myself to the acquisition of languages, and to gaining a sound knowledge of the principles of those departments of archæology and ethnology which related to the great work that I had in view. Later, during the ten years that I occupied (as I believe usefully and acceptably) the Chair of Topical Linguistics in the University of Michigan, all the time that I properly could take from my professorial duties was given exclusively to the study of the languages of the indigenous races of Mexico, and to what little was to be found in books concerning their social organization and mode of life, and to the broad subject of Mexican antiquities. By correspondence I became acquainted with the most eminent Mexican archæologists—the lamented Orozco y Berra, Icazbalceta, Chavero—and the philologists Pimentel and Peñafiel; and I had the honor to know personally the American archæologist Bandelier, the surpassing scientific value of whose researches among the primitive peoples of Mexico places his work above all praise. And by the study of the writings of these great scholars, and of all writings thereto cognate, my own knowledge steadily grew, until at last I felt myself strong enough to begin the investigations on my own account for which I had sought by all these years of patient preparation fittingly to pave the way.

But inasmuch as my life until a short time since has been wholly that of a scholar, and wholly has been passed in quiet ways, I truly have had no teeth at all for the proper cracking of the nuts which have come to me in the course of the surprising adventures that I have now set myself to narrate. For in the course of these adventures (necessarily, yet sorely against my will) I have been thrust by force of circumstances into many imminent and prodigious perils; much time that I gladly would have devoted to peaceful, fruitful study I have been compelled to employ in rude and profitless (except that my life was saved by it) battling with savages; and—what most of all has pained me—many curious and interesting skulls that I gladly would have added entire to my collection of crania, I have been driven in self-defence to ruin irreparably with my own hands.

All of which diversities of my likings and my happenings will appear in due order, as I tell in the following pages of the strange and wonderful things which befell me—in company with Rayburn and Young and Fray Antonio and the boy Pablo—in our search

(*Continued on page 1018.*)

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The current issue opens with an excellent story, entitled "The Little Sister," by MARGARET VANDEGRIFT, *with two illustrations by* C. DANA GIBSON.

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But the most notable feature of the number is the

COLORED SUPPLEMENT,

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AFTER THE PAINTING BY G. KUEHL.

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WITH

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THE RULES OF THE HOUSE.

IT is one of the anomalies of our government that the House of Representatives which has just assembled was elected a year ago. Thirteen months elapse between the election and the meeting of Congress. The House cannot be said, therefore, to come fresh from the people. It will not begin real business until the new year. The House works indirectly by committees, and the committees are appointed only after necessary delay and reflection. But the delay in legislation is enormously increased by the elaborate and complicated system of rules and procedure which has grown up in the House, and which can be mastered only by diligent study. Our political methods are illustrated by the remark of an old member of Congress, "Your election costs you about the amount of the salary of your first session, and it takes the first session to give you any insight into the rules."

Rules of procedure in a popular legislative body are undoubtedly adopted, like many of the wisest constitutional devices, to protect the minority. The Constitution itself is a defence of the minority. It is a limitation of the power of the majority. The famous constitutional checks and balances are obstructions to the simple despotism of a majority. Indeed, the most important and fundamental election in our whole system, that of the President, is not determined by a popular majority, but by a representative majority—that is, a majority which represents the will of the State, not of the individual voters. If in the House of Representatives any member at any time could call the previous question, and it should be ordered upon the demand of a few members, and debate should be closed, and the majority called instantly to vote finally, the House would be a despotism of numbers. The rules, therefore, wisely provide temporary relief by giving precedence to certain motions, like that to adjourn. This affords a parliamentary method of baffling immediate and perhaps disastrous and unconstitutional action by securing a respite and time, by which the result may be at last changed. The object of this device is akin to one of the objects in establishing two chambers, which, by creating a different and co-ordinate constituency, increases the chances of greater consideration and maturer action. Obviously, however, it must not be pushed so far as to thwart or gravely embarrass the right of the majority—an embarrassment which, pushed to extremity, would overrule the will of the people.

Prolonged filibustering is essentially revolutionary. If the plea for it be that the proposed action is dangerous to the country, it is a plea which could be always urged, and would prevent the people from legislating by their representatives. If it be alleged that the proposed action is unconstitutional, the reply is that there are courts to decide the question. Because limitations upon the action of the majority are undoubtedly necessary, it does not follow that the vast mesh of procedure which has arisen in the House, and which can be comprehended or unravelled by very few members, is desirable or justifiable. The rules should be simplified to a degree which is intelligible to members generally, and which does not give the control of legislation to a very few men. The assumption that the proposition to clarify and simplify the rules means a scheme of wrong-doing by means of such revision is unwarrantable. The minority ought not to be permitted practically to defeat the will of the country by preventing, after due deliberation, the action of the majority. Those who would resort to prolonged filibustering in order to baffle the majority are neither patriots nor in any true sense democrats.

THE INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT BILL.

AT the recent breakfast to Count de Keratry, ex-Senator CHACE, of Rhode Island, who introduced in Congress what may be called the first union international copyright bill, echoed the remark of Dr. EDWARD EGGLESTON, that "the train is very nearly in." All the speeches were in the same pleasant tone of confidence, which was not conventional but sincere. Victory was forecast when the great interests involved all united in support of the CHACE bill, although that bill by no means embodies all that the friends of international copyright desire; and the ex-Senator's faith that if the press should generously and warmly support the movement, and the people urge action in Congress, the Fifty-first Congress would pass the law before the end of its term, is undoubtedly well-founded. The general question involved is one of those which appeal very strongly to the American sense of justice; and when that feeling is once fairly aroused, the result is practically determined.

There has been much discussion whether such questions as copyright are not wholly legal and administrative, whether they are not beyond the pale of the diocese of conscience. But the public good sense answers without sophistication that so simple a point as the moral right of an author to his own work is indisputable. The law of ANNE does not overbear the authority of MANSFIELD, and all ingenious provisions and contentions which conflict with common-sense are gently pushed aside by time. Mr. CHACE, holding with Mr. LOWELL that literature is the foundation of civilization, pointed out that this defence of literature has been urged at every stage of our history by eminent Americans. WASHINGTON and MADISON favored international copyright, JEFFERSON supported it, and JAMES BUCHANAN joined HENRY CLAY in his advocacy of it. GARFIELD and ARTHUR, CLEVELAND and HARRISON, all commended it to public attention. Many Secretaries of State have been friendly—CLAY, and EVERETT, and FISH, and EVARTS, and BLAINE. But nothing has been really achieved, because each one of them has seen that until there was harmony among the various interests, the question was not practical.

This view of Mr. CHACE elucidates the situation which is now virtually ended. The cry of "cheap books," meaning books which in the perception of plain people are stolen books, is no more seductive to Americans than the cry of cheap property of any other kind. The generous and graceful acknowledgment by Count de Keratry of the charm of distinguished American authors was very agreeable to their countrymen, and with felicitous indirection he gently prodded us in saying, "the United States are sufficiently rich to pay for the luxury of a broad hospitality, since you admit the possession of greater wealth than you can use." The bill which will be urged upon Congress has the support of authors, publishers, and the various mechanical branches of book manufacture. It is, of course, a compromise. It concedes much in order to accomplish much and to establish a principle. It is not a complete and thorough recognition of the author's right. But it is a beginning. There is the best spirit among its friends. They anticipate an equally favorable disposition in Congress. The time is auspicious. At the opening of the great International Exposition, says the count, shall we not found an International Fraternity of Letters?

STANLEY.

AT the moment the most conspicuous man in the world is HENRY M. STANLEY. Every newspaper in Europe and America simultaneously announced his arrival upon the eastern coast of Africa. Europe spoke by the German Emperor offering him a war ship to carry him from Zanzibar, and welcoming him to the triumph of a hero. He is honored as the chief of travellers, as a hero of romance; and his comrade, Mr. JOSEPH THOMSON, who thought him hopelessly lost, now hastens to celebrate his Homeric exploits and his Napoleonic energy. Germany and England prepare for him an unprecedented reception, in which practically every country and the intelligence of the world will join. The newspaper reporter has scaled the heights of distinction, and written his name by those of the greatest of explorers.

The secret of such renown is not hidden. It is the instinctive delight of men in heroism, in personal courage, in perilous adventure happily surmounted. It is a career which implies an undaunted spirit, immense resource, complete self-possession, and prompt seizure and wise improvement of opportunity. They are the qualities which in other spheres of ~~activity~~ found states, baffle apparently resistless forces, and change the course of history. STANLEY has confronted the almost boundless and unknown forests and jungles, the morasses and waters and mountains, of a continent swarming with savage hostility, with pestilence, and a myriad nameless obstructions, in an impenetrable silence and absolute separation from the rest of the world and from all hope of communication or succor. And upon him alone, upon his health, strength, intelligence, spirit, nerve, and persistence, not only his own life, but the lives of hundreds, the welfare of thousands, increased knowledge, and the progress of civilization depended. He has not failed. He has overcome. It is not surprising that his letter to the *Herald* breathes a deep religious fervor. It is not a picnic from which he emerges, but he comes a conqueror from a tremendous and prolonged conflict with what seemed invincible forces.

When Dr. KANE returned from his great voyage to the north pole—a small, quiet, refined, and modest man—THACKERAY, who was then in this country, met him one day at dinner, and heard his simple and thrilling story. When KANE paused, THACKERAY arose to his full height, and gravely asked to be permitted to kneel and kiss his foot. It was a humorous form of the instinctive homage of the hardy English race to indomitable pluck and persistence. It is the same feeling which will bring Germany and England to receive STANLEY as a conqueror—not from battle-fields or bloody decks, but from the long contest with savage nature, which, whether at the icy north or the burning equator, has always had the profoundest fascination from the night, three centuries ago, when Sir HUMPHREY GILBERT's light suddenly vanished upon the ocean to the happy morning, just now, when STANLEY was known to have arrived at Zanzibar. "Heaven is as near by sea as by land," said the unconquerable Sir HUMPHREY, and STANLEY's letter is in the same high strain.

MR. CLEVELAND.

IT cannot be denied that the defeat of last year has not made Mr. CLEVELAND a less interesting and significant public figure. His conduct since he re-entered private life has been dignified, discreet, and becoming. A President who retires in the vigor of his prime, with general respect, and the recognized representative both of certain great principles in politics and of definite policies and measures, cannot disappear from public view except by an inexorable resolution to seclude himself completely in privacy. There is no reason why Mr. CLEVELAND should do so, and it will not be denied that upon every occasion on which he has publicly appeared since he left the White House he has deepened the general confidence and respect with which he is regarded.

The secret of this result is the universal belief that he represents with entire sincerity the higher political feeling and aspiration of the country. This is the more striking, and it makes his position the more remarkable, because it is not the universal belief that this is true of his party, although in every speech he naturally assumes that it is. It will not be denied, however, that if his party should set him aside, and select another candidate in 1892, there is a very large and intelligent vote which the candidate would not receive. That is to say, it is a vote for CLEVELAND, and not for the Democratic party. It is one of the extraordinary incidents of politics that the man who now really stands for political progress in the best sense is one of the leaders of the party which Governor HILL leads in New York.

Mr. CLEVELAND's recent speech in Boston illustrates the familiar fact that we mention. It was delivered at a dinner from which partisan discussion was excluded. It was devoted to the practical morals of politics, and he spoke simply and strongly for political honesty in the highest sense. The acclamation with which it was received sprang from the feeling that he was the embodiment of the views which he expressed. Governor AMES and Mr. ANDREW CARNEGIE, both of them his party opponents, paid homage to his sincerity and fidelity, and the whole occasion was typical of Mr. CLEVELAND's present position. It is certainly a good sign of the political health and vigor of the country that the representative of political honesty and wise progress, although a private citizen, is the most popular American.

PENSIONS AND PAUPERIZATION.

THE people of the United States are neither stingy nor mean. They said during the war to the Union soldiers and sailors that they should be cared for when the war ended, and now, a quarter of a century after Appomattox, a third of the enormous expenses of the country, about a hundred millions of dollars, is paid annually in pensions. What did the promise of the people mean? Did it mean that every man who enlisted, if only for a month, should be maintained, with his family, at the public charge forever after? Did the pension for soldiers' orphans intend that the children of a man who enlisted, did his duty, was paid his bounty and wages, and left the army unharmed and well, and a dozen years afterward married, should be supported at the public cost? If so, should not those children and their families also be supported in the same way?

The proposition of the President and the Secretary of the Interior is that such soldiers who are dependent upon their daily labor and are unable to work should be pensioned. Under actual circumstances is this anything but the offer of a large premium upon pauperism? A pensioner of this kind would not owe his inability to labor to the mishaps of military service. It might be due to disease or accident, but not contracted or suffered in the service. It might be due to incapacity or to misfortune having no connection with the service. The pension would be a gratuity for a service which had been already paid for upon terms entirely acceptable, and the person who received such a gratuity would be a pauper.

This is a case entirely different from that of the soldier who in the course of his military service received injuries which disabled him. He is not a pauper in the ordinary sense, but a pensioner in the accepted and universal meaning of the word. The word "pauper" is not necessarily discreditable. It describes a person who lives upon charity, and for such persons every civilized community makes provision. But charity, whether of the individual or of the state, is immensely abused by laziness and false pretence of every kind, so that one of the most necessary movements of modern times is the protection of society against hereditary pauperism or living at the expense of others, whether individuals or the state. The law proposed would dispose thousands of people to endeavor under false pretences to secure public support. The disposition would be fostered by the offers of politicians to favor the law in consideration of the votes of claimants. Patriotism would become a trade. Honest and war-worn veterans would be degraded, and a vast venal vote would be multiplied, and held at the service of the highest bidder. Fortunately this is the view of many strong administration papers, and it is to be hoped that the fear of hurting the party by not supporting this kind of pension will not weaken or silence their protest.

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE death of ROBERT BROWNING removes a poet who alone in his generation has contested the palm with TENNYSON. He has lacked the melodious charm which has given TENNYSON a more general popularity, although BROWNING'S line has at times that music which is the quality of great poetry only. The hold which he has taken upon the mind of his time is remarkable, and the more remarkable that it has been taken with superb scorn of all the artifices of popularity. For half a century, with constantly increasing fame, he has maintained an unchanging strain, wholly unaffected by the literary and mental fashions which have arisen and prevailed and passed away. It is true that his poetry itself has been sometimes made a fashion, and has served as a standard of intelligence by which crude and jejune minds have sought to measure themselves in the estimation of others. But that is merely to say that there has been much affectation of fondness for his verse and pretence of comprehension of its obscurity.

The obscurity is undeniable. It is beyond that of any English poet who is confessedly of the first class. But whether or not the poet might have made his line as limpid as TENNYSON'S, the obscurity does not constitute its charm. It arises often from the character of the thought and of the poet's mind. It is well to be wary of sweeping generalizations in judging a great poet. But in dramatic power and depth of passion united, it is long since there has been such an illustration in English poetry as BROWNING. His genius was essentially dramatic, and in all his volumes there is scarcely one poem in which he evidently describes his own emotion, or in which his personality is plain. There is one fine exception to this remark in "One Word More," the exquisite poem addressed to his wife, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, the answering strain to her "Sonnets from the Portuguese."

BROWNING died in Venice, a city of which he was very fond, and in which he had found much inspiration. No other English poet has revealed so intimately the awakening and consecrated devotion of modern patriotism in that country, and his genius was wonderfully perceptive of the dark passions of the Italian nature and history. Yet his common-sense and humor and his hearty intellectual vigor were characteristically English. In his death not only a great genius, but a most brilliant and interesting personality, disappears.

MORLEY ON SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

MR. JOHN MORLEY'S *Walpole* in the series of twelve English statesmen is one of the most admirable of political biographies. Mr. MORLEY is not only a profound student of history, but he is a writer of singular lucidity, and the literary charm of his works is very great. There is no finer and more sympathetic and probably no juster portraiture of EDMUND BURKE than Mr. MORLEY'S. It is a noble, dignified, and pathetic picture. His *Walpole* is a fitting pendant to it, and although the epoch is familiar, it is nowhere treated in a more fascinating manner.

It is pleasant to see that Mr. MORLEY'S work reproduces the judgment of THACKERAY in his lecture upon GEORGE the Second. THACKERAY was not a student of history or politics in the same way as MORLEY. But it is all the more significant that his exploration of the memoirs and social traditions of the time ends in a similar estimate of WALPOLE'S immense service to England, and through England to Europe. Mr. MORLEY does not rank him as a first-rate statesman in the large sense, for he had not moral elevation of character. But his sagacity, his patriotism, his extraordinary intellectual resource, his clear insight and unbending courage, his common-sense, and his clear perception of the principles and policy by which alone a STUART reaction and restoration could be prevented, place him among the wisest governors that England has known.

His alleged political corruption is carefully examined by Mr. MORLEY, and he finds WALPOLE'S black reputation in that respect to be unfounded. Like every statesman of the time, he bought votes at a pinch, but it was not his system, and he was by no means so great a sinner in this respect as some others. His famous remark that every man has his price was not a general observation, but was of a special and doubtless just application. Indeed, WALPOLE was as much a "heaven-born" minister as WILLIAM PITT. He took England from the hands of BOLINGBROKE, who would have ruined it, and he gave the impulse to the England that we know. Yet he did this largely by withstanding the Whig tradition of war, although he was a Whig, and by adhering to the settlement of the Peace of Utrecht, which was BOLINGBROKE'S Tory masterpiece. The book is a very entertaining, instructive, and suggestive chapter of political biography, and it doubtless contains the truest estimate of WALPOLE.

NEW YORK AND THE FAIR.

IT is an unpleasant fact for New York, but the project of the great Fair plainly languishes. The whole amount of the guarantee fund has been subscribed, and a few thousands of dollars are added every day. But the cheerful enthusiasm of the proposition to double the five million in the week following the completion of the subscription was not electric or contagious. Enthusiasm and resolution and the overpowering sense of fitness may summon other people's dollars like spirits from the deep. But will they come?

There are two reasons offered for the public languor. One is that there is a great political question involved, namely, whether in approaching a Presidential year Tammany Hall shall be allowed to handle the enormous sums of money, and control all the labor necessary in preparation for the great occasion. It may be safely said that if politics get into the enterprise, politics will bedevil it. There are monuments of the malign power of job politics in full view of every citizen of New York, and there is a natural disposition to reflect at some length before assuming that Tammany Hall, returning to its old power in the city, would push the Fair with lofty disregard of political advantages in general and the benefit of Tammany Hall in particular. The other especial reason alleged is that New York has already just as much as it can manage to handle itself effectively, and that a sudden and temporary enormous increase of its traffic of every kind would be wholly unmanageable. It has not the indispensable conveniences, and would not have them when the time arrived. To these reasons must be added another, which is that New York is not in the true sense a public-spirited city. Its population is too heterogeneous to generate public spirit. An appeal to New York for the relief of suffering is always nobly answered. But that is not true of other appeals, as many familiar instances illustrate to every citizen.

Yet there can be no doubt that the Fair would be of immense benefit to the city. The experience of Philadelphia with the Centennial Fair proves it. "The Fair made us," said an eminent Philadelphian. It quickened every branch of industrial activity by awakening emulation and admiration. It showed to artisans of every kind the vast range and the marvellous attainment of their own industries, and so stimulated the desire and the skill to rival and surpass the triumphs of the Exhibition. It enlarged both their vision and its scope. It exerted in the largest way the same kind of influence that a great building like the Albany Capitol exerts upon every mechanic who visits and studies it, the influence of great pictures upon a painter, and of great music upon musicians. The Fair, carried out as is proposed, would quicken the life of the city in every direction; while the effect of failure through indifference to secure it would probably be a kind of moral loss to the city. It is none the less true, however, that such a failure is not impossible.

CARRYING FIRE-ARMS.

THE recent death of Mr. EDWARD CUNNINGHAM at Milton, near Boston, has naturally excited deep feeling in that city and neighborhood. A friendly tribute to his memory in the Boston *Post* begins with a clear statement of the incident and of Mr. CUNNINGHAM'S character:

> "EDWARD CUNNINGHAM died in Milton, November 22d, from the effect of a pistol-shot wound received on the previous day, when trying to protect his dog and his land from armed poachers. To those who know him and his history this sudden death may well be called a natural one, for he was one of the few men who always risk life and limb without hesitation, and, knowing not fear in any shape, never consider their own safety for a moment when it stands in the way of the right. Had there been forty instead of three ruffians, he would have met them with the same fearlessness as that with which years ago he faced a furious mob in China, and nearly had his hand cut off by them. His moral independence was as unconditional as his physical courage, notably shown when he came out in California under his own signature in defence of the persecuted Chinamen, when all others, even of his own class, joined in denouncing them."

This is a character most valuable in any community, and Mr. CUNNINGHAM'S death will be widely and deeply lamented. But it ought to quicken the public sensitiveness to the reckless carrying of fire-arms. Mr. CUNNINGHAM with his dog met intruders on his own grounds. There were some words, probably. Then one of the men shot the dog, and then his master. The intruders were Italians, and the murderer has confessed the shooting, but asserts that it was intended to summon his comrades. The law, as the *Post* points out, authorizes placing a person who carries deadly weapons under bonds to keep the peace only when complaint is made by some one who holds his life to be endangered. But it holds that in our communities the carrying of such weapons should be prohibited, and made a misdemeanor punishable without specific complaint.

It is an attractive picture of a singularly good man and citizen which the memorial of Mr. CUNNINGHAM draws. The moral of his death is twofold and of universal application. The "reckless carrying of fire-arms by irresponsible people, whether foreigner or American," should be prohibited by reasonable laws, and the introduction into the country of people who have no knowledge of law and no respect for it, and who are utterly alien to all the traditions and usages of self-government, should be wisely regulated.

THE RAILWAY PRICE OF HUMAN LIFE.

IF some conspicuous citizen of New York should be run over and killed by a railroad train, owing to the gross negligence of the train hands, who had been also guilty of inhuman treatment of their victim, the fact would probably be noticed with some emphasis and amazement. But this is precisely what happened to a young and obscure man the other day on the Harlem road, and the incident was described by the Grand Jury in the words that we have used, and they held the company responsible for the young man's death. But the fact has attracted very little public notice.

What is the amount of the responsibility of the railroad? If a private person by gross negligence had killed another, he might be held, according to the evidence, to pay great and salutary damages, which would be at least in the nature of a penalty for taking human life. A life is lost by the gross negligence of the company. What ought it to pay, since there is no other reparation possible? The law of the State of New York limits the amount to five thousand dollars. However gross the negligence, however wanton the manslaughter, however cruel the consequences to the family of the victim, five thousand dollars is the maximum penalty.

If the secret history of the law could be disclosed, is there much doubt that railroad influence would be found to have been very powerful in securing the limitation? But why should a company into whose keeping human life must be committed be relieved from a responsibility which weighs upon every citizen? This is an illustration of the sources of popular feeling against great corporations. They are known often to control legislation, and to control it in their own interests. They are known to maintain agents both in the lobby and on the floor of Legislatures. It is perfectly fair that corporations should defend themselves against legislative strikers and robbers. If they did this only, there would be no complaint. But why should they be suffered to limit the amount of their responsibility for wantonly and carelessly taking life? Why should a Legislature estimate the value of a life at five thousand dollars and no more, when it is taken by the gross negligence of those for whom the company is responsible?

PERSONAL.

ALTHOUGH Count CAVOUR has been honored by monuments in seven of the principal cities in Italy, including Milan, Florence, and Naples, Rome is as yet without one. Several admirers of the great statesman are agitating a movement to repair this neglect.

—A new submarine craft has just been designed by GOSPATIN APOSTOLOFF, a young Cossack engineer. The vessel is fish-shaped, and resembles the descriptions given of Captain Nemo's craft by JULES VERNE, in *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea.* The new vessel is to move with such swiftness that it is claimed it will accomplish the voyage from England to America in a trifle over twenty-four hours.

—The United States is shortly to be visited by the Rev. PAMPHILE DE VEUSTER, the brother of the martyr priest, Father DAMIEN. He is now travelling in England, raising funds for the establishment of an institute to instruct candidates for work among the lepers.

—GEORGE VANDERBILT has bought five thousand acres of land among the mountains of Asheville, North Carolina, and will establish a splendid country place there. He will build a fine mansion for himself, and hopes to gain pleasure and profit from raising large crops and fine cattle.

—Senator ALLISON'S engagement to Miss THERESA STOUGHTON, a niece of Senator HALE, of Maine, is announced, and their marriage is to take place about Christmas.

—TOMASO SALVINI, the great actor, has a luxurious town house in Florence, and a country villa on a high hill a few miles from the city, from which there are glorious views of the valley of the Arno and the Apennines. When in town he is very hospitable, and gives fine dinners to his male friends, and when in the country he leads a patriarchal life among his children and grandchildren. He is passionately fond of music, and is a good singer, while his strength and athletic skill are proverbial.

—JAMES CAMPBELL, of Philadelphia, seventy-six years old, is the last survivor of President FRANKLIN PIERCE'S cabinet. He was Postmaster-General, and among the other members were CALEB CUSHING, JEFFERSON DAVIS, and WILLIAM L. MARCY.

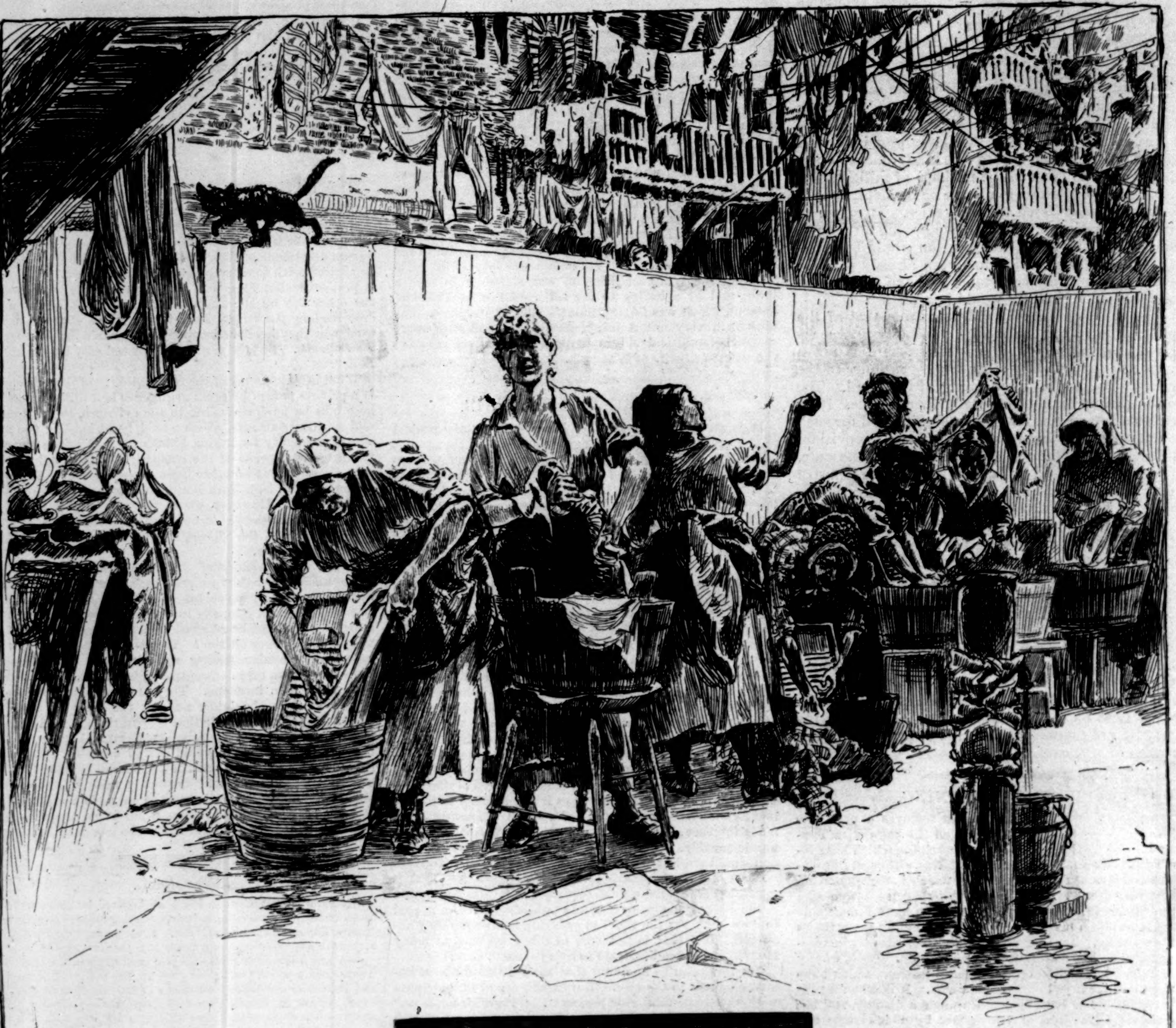
—ABRAHAM LINCOLN and JEFFERSON DAVIS were both in Washington together at different times, notably in 1847–8, when the first was a member of the House, and the second of the Senate, but it is said they never met, or even knew each other's face.

—The Connecticut Historical Society will ask Congress to appropriate money for bringing back the body of JOEL BARLOW, the poet and diplomat, who is buried in Poland. He was on a mission from this government to France during President MADISON'S administration, and died while going to meet NAPOLEON. The petition to Congress is signed by many prominent Connecticut men.

—M. EUGÈNE BERSIER, a famous pulpit orator and the leading pastor of the Reformed Church in France, has just died in Paris. He was made a knight of the Legion of Honor in 1871 for his services in organizing ambulances during the siege of Paris.

—The building which was occupied by JEFFERSON DAVIS after the capital of the Confederate government had been established at Richmond, Virginia, and was known as the "White House of the Confederacy," has since the war been used as a grade school building. Now it is to be replaced by a more commodious structure for public-school purposes.

—Emperor WILLIAM spent a good deal of money last year in entertaining the royalties who visited him at Berlin, and distributed gifts with a lavish hand. The bread cast upon the waters then seems to have been returned to him in a very substantial way during his recent trip to Constantinople, however, as he is said to have brought back a ship-load of presents, valued at nearly $300,000, among them $125,000 worth of diamonds for the Empress. Altogether, this pleasure of seeing his German friends in his own dominions cost the somewhat impecunious Sultan about $750,000.

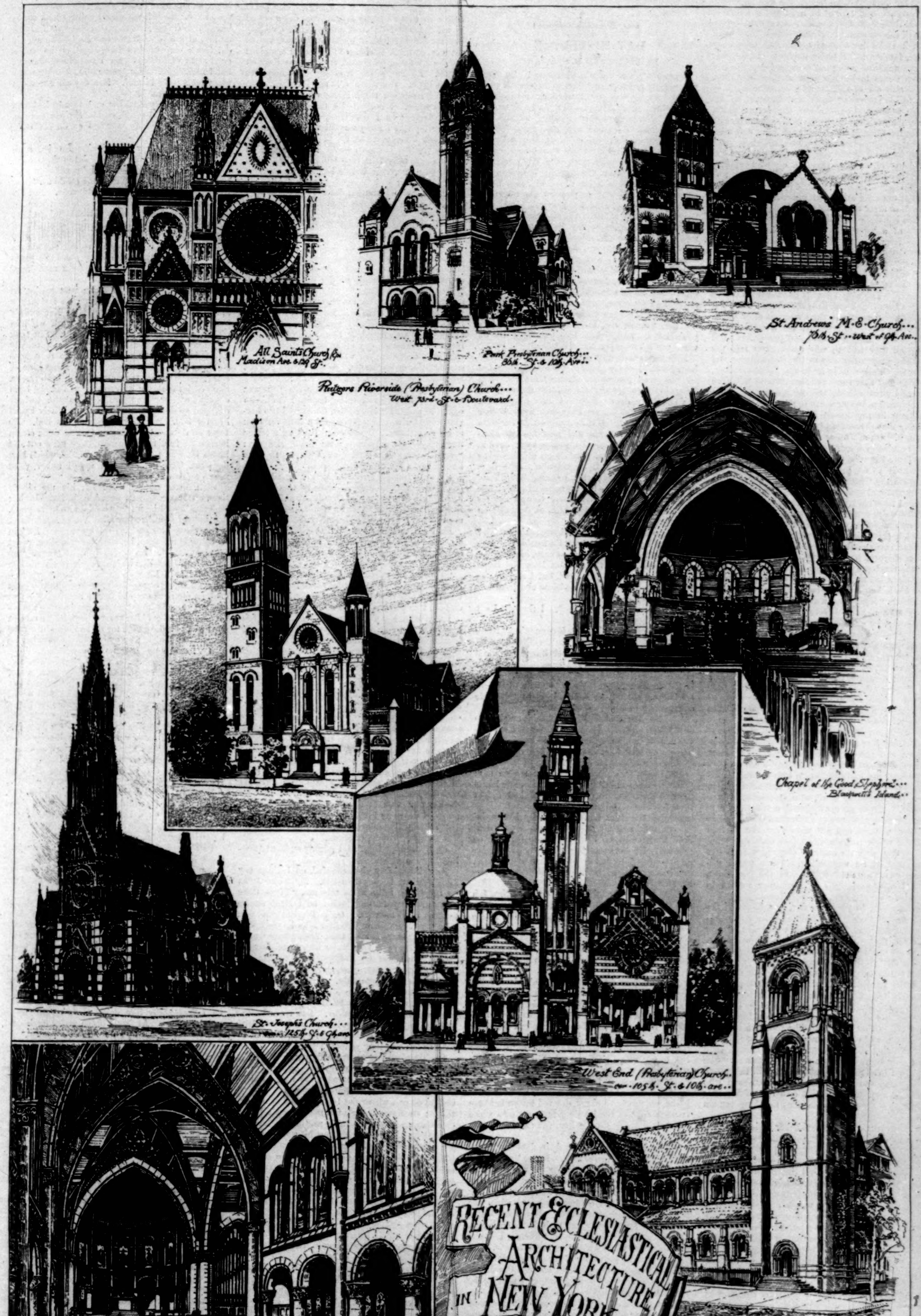


Mrs. Mulcahy's Laundry (Limited)

Monday night on the East Side.

There had been a dispute as to precedence at the pump.

WASH DAY AMONG THE TENEMENTS.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 1014.]


All Saints Church, Cor. Madison Ave. & 129 St..
Park Presbyterian Church... 86th St. & 10th Ave..
St. Andrews' M.E. Church... 76th St... West of 9th Ave..
Rutgers Riverside (Presbyterian) Church... West 73rd St. & Boulevard.
Chapel of the Good Shepherd... Blackwell's Island..
St. Joseph's Church... 125th St. &
West End (Presbyterian) Church.. cor. 105th St. & 10th ave..
RECENT ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE IN NEW YORK.
The New Chapel of St. John. 61st St. bet. 9th & 10th aves...
Christ Church.... Boulevard & 71st Street....
Hughson Hawley.

WASH DAY IN THE TENEMENTS.

Every Monday morning, as the sun makes its appearance and strives in most noble effort to lessen the gloom that shadows the courts and alleys of the tenement-house districts of New York city, it looks down upon a scene of temporary water famine and interior warfare. It is a war of the wash-tub Amazons, each and every one of whom wants to fill her tubs at the same time, while only one of them can be accommodated by the feeble stream of water that flows in the average tenement-house above the second floor. Even then it must be drawn before seven o'clock in the morning, at which hour the great manufacturing establishments commence their daily drain upon the inefficient water mains of the city, and as almost all of these factories are well supplied with powerful force-pumps, the tenement, and the first-class dwelling as well in many localities, cannot obtain a supply of water above the second floor after that hour.

The laborer's wife, living perhaps on the fifth story of a "double-decker" which shelters or herds four families on every floor, gets up by early dawn, and makes ready to wash the clothes of her "ould man" and the brood of children. A goodly number of children seems to be one of the inseparable adjuncts of life in a "double-decker." The wife probably has the wash of one or two boarding-house dwellers, the income from which helps greatly in the eking out of an existence that would otherwise be one of semi-starvation, if the husband's small and precarious wage were all they had to rely upon. Out into the hall she gropes her way to the water faucet and sink, which are sure to be in the darkest corner, only to find that some one down-stairs is before her and monopolizing the one meagre pipe that is supposed to supply water to the twenty families dwelling in the house. She may wait awhile, hoping that the woman below will get her supply quickly. On any other than wash day she might not be disappointed, but that woman below has got three big tubs to fill, and it will take a good half-hour to do it. With patience about exhausted, the "fifth floor front" goes down to investigate, and if she be on good terms with the "third floor back," they may, after a little matutinal gossip, come to some mutual arrangement for an immediate supply to both. On the other hand, if there should happen to be a bit of hard feeling between them, there is sure to be a war of words, and if perchance, as is too often the truth, the "growler" has circulated too freely the night before in one or both the apartments, the whole house will be entertained with an early morning "scrapping match," in which several may take a hand before it is quelled by the house-keeper or a policeman.

The "third floor back" resents the request of her neighbor; it may be because the latter has not recognized the social precedence of the third floor tenant as higher than that of the fifth floor tenant; or again, the bitterness may have had a beginning when the scion of the "fifth floor front" collided with and "done up" the pride of the "third floor back" in the alley below. That "social precedence" should be a factor in tenement-house life seems anomalous to the general mind, but that it does exist is a fact beyond dispute; and though its laws have a basis somewhat ridiculous in the eyes of the well-to-do, they are respected and lived up to with the same unctions as, and certainly with more enthusiasm than, are the unwritten laws of a certain undefined "400." To be an aristocrat in a tenement it is but necessary to occupy the second floor front in a decent house, and pay your way. To be lord of the whole neighborhood, just accompany the occupancy with the business of politics, or, better yet, that of an undertaker. It's a proud woman the "missus" will be as she lays down the law, unquestioned by the other women in the house.

Returning to the wash day, in a house of the character here depicted such scenes are of weekly occurrence, and it is generally not before twelve o'clock that all the women in a house of this size are enabled to get water enough to go about their day's task, and many of them have carried the water up one, two, or three flights of stairs by the bucketful. There is another class of woman that may be found in these tenements. There are hundreds of reasons for her being in neighborly association with the drinking, brawling crowd that surrounds her, but, as a rule, she is a victim of circumstances, and the one circumstance that can be mentioned more often than all others combined is a drunken husband. She will fill her tubs on Sunday night, will this provident one, and if she possesses a husband who will be as provident in his own line of domestic duty, the tenement-house does not long remain their abiding-place.

Fortunately for the well-being of laboring humanity in the metropolis, such houses as the one described above are no longer typical of the New York tenement-house. There are many of them, it is true, far too many, but they are mostly situated in the older tenement districts, on the lower east side and extreme western and eastern borders of the city. Such people as dwell in them will always be as they are in a vast cosmopolitan community such as this; but for those who are sober, industrious, and saving, the modern tenement as found uptown above Fiftieth Street, on the east and west sides both, is supplied with all the modern conveniences that could reasonably be expected, while the sanitary laws governing plumbing arrangements are rigidly enforced by the Board of Health with but few exceptions. These houses are nearly all fitted with pumps that enable tenants to obtain water on any floor at any hour of the day. Rentals are remarkably low; the mechanic and laboring-man can get modern accommodations of equal or greater space than the old-fashioned "double-decker" will afford him for the same money, or often less. This does not attract him evidently, for many of the modern tenements are empty, while almost all of the old ones are crowded to repletion.

Scott Thompson.

DAT MISTLETOE.

BY ELIZABETH H. STEWART.

Dat sut'n'y wuz a green Chris'mas! De grass wuz mighty green en sorf like, en de passion vines on de verandy wuz jes ez fresh ez dey been in de summer, en all 'long de gawden bo'ders hyar en dyar sweet-vi'lets wuz a-peekin' up like dey done mistook de warm sunshiny days foh de spring-time comin'. Of co'se de leaves on de oak-trees en wil' grape-vines wuz brown, en de maple en cotton-wood trees wuz bar'; but hit sut'n'y wuz a green Chris'mas. I reckon we done gathered 'mos' a cawt-load of green trash en chrysanth'ums out de gawden dat mawnin', en dyar wuz lots of stuff lef' growin'. Dyar wuz de grettes' doin's at home dat mawnin'. Dey-all white folks wuz gwine ter hab a pawty. En we-all black folks wuz mighty busy a-workin' en a-cookin' en fixin' things. En dey-all white folks—scusin' Miss Net—wuz mighty busy overseein' en fussin' en tellin' we-all de way how dey want things fixed. Miss Net wuzn't doin' nothin' on'y lookin' solemn en moanful like, en watchin' we-all a-fixin'. I reckon she wuz thinkin' 'bout de ole home whar she been riz an' brung up, en I say ter her, "Scuse me, Miss Net, but 'pears like you's not so ondostrious like you used ter be when you's 'mong you own kinfolks."

Miss sorter smiled, en said: "I b'lieve I is gettin' lazy, Torm. Dar's so many of you ter do things foh me, you nuver give me no chance ter work. But I's gwine now ter cut some more flowers;" en she run down de steps en out inter de gawden, me follerin' after her ter kyar dem flowers whar she gwine ter cut. Wif de holly en de chrysanth'ums she done cut, she hed 'mos' her two arms full. But she 'lowed she gwine kyar dem in herself, an' tole me ter fotch 'long de pine whar us darkies done cut in de mawnin'. She kyar dem flowers inter de parlor, I comin' 'long 'mos' beside her, lugging de big branches of pine. She kyar dem right to whar Marse Gawge an' his cousin Laura wuz fixin' dem high on de wall; en Miss Laura says:

"Oh, what you cut dem chrysanth'ums foh? You's got de stems too short, I's fear'd."

Miss Laura speak out right sharp, like she got more right to dem flowers dan Miss Net have. Miss Net's face got purty red, but I reckon she think 'kase Miss Laura's a visitor she treat her perlite, so she say:

"I's sorry if dey's too short. I thought I cut dem long 'nough."

"I'll make dem do," Marse Gawge said. "Here, Net, hand dem up ter me." En Miss Net reached bofe her two han's full up ter him; but she a mighty little lady, en not tall 'nough, 'kase Marse Gawge done clum up 'mos' ter de ceilin'. En he larfed, en say ter her: "You's too little. Gib dem ter Laura. Hit takes a Kentucky girl ter dec'rate a Kentucky hall."

"Oh!" Dat wuz all Miss Net said, en she gib de flowers right ter Miss Laura. But I see she felt mighty bad 'kase she cayrn help Marse Gawge. En, sorter mad like, she jes walked right outer de room en cl'ar inter de gawden.

Den Miss Laura turn' roun' ter me en say: "Torm, whar you bring all dat pine inter de house foh? We's not ready foh hit yit. Take hit right back ter whyar you got hit."

I diden tole Miss Laura 'bout Miss Net sayin' foh me ter bring hit in. But I see dey-all don' need hit jes now, en I lug hit back agin inter de gawden. En dar I see Miss Net, 'way back under de oak-trees 'longside de back wing of de house. She wuz stan'in' wipin' her eyes, en I knowed she been cryin'.

Now I allus thought a heap of Miss Net, foh she a mighty good little lady; en I's boun' ter take care of her, 'kase I's 'sponsible foh Marse Gawge bringin' her ter Blythewood. She done come from 'way de udder side of de Hier Riber, en diden zactly b'long ter my own white folks, bein' on'y Marse Gawge's wife, en no blood-kin to dey-all.

Hit wuz 'fore de wah, when we-all black folks wuz slabes. En I reckon I's 'shamed ter tell hit, but I suah 'nough *did* run away from Marse Gawge en ole miss, he ma. Hit wuz when he comin' foh get me dat Marse Gawge got 'quainted wif Miss Net. En dat how come I's 'sponsible foh Miss Net comin' ter Blythewood ter lib. Miss Net haden no pa en ma, en de kin-folks she lib wif in de Norf wuz what dey call ab'litions. Dey's some kind mighty bad folks, I reckon, but dey sut'n'y wuz good ter me. When I's far 'way from home, en tired en hongry, dey fed me en kep' me en tuck care of me jes de same's my own white folks twill Marse Gawge kem foh take me home agin.

When Marse Gawge kem dyar, dey-all wuz onfrien'y en onperlite ter him. En at fust Marse Gawge mighty spunky wif dey-all, too. En he tole dem he got a notion ter persecute dem 'long of hobberin' me, 'kase dyar wuz a law den dat dey persecute folks dat hobbered niggers when dey run away from dyar marsters. But when Marse Gawge see Miss Net, he fall right in love wif her. Den he come roun' mighty sorf-like, en he axed dey-all's pardon, en wanted ter make fr'en's. But dey-all wouldn' hab nothin' ter say ter him. En Marse Gawge en me jes kem home. But Marse Gawge diden give up Miss Net, en by-em-by he make a trip up Norf agin, en married Miss Net, en brung her down ter Blythewood. En de onlies' ones dat war glad ter see her wuz me en Marse Gawge, dat done fotcht her down hyar.

Ole miss wuzn't glad, 'kase she allus spected Marse Gawge gwine ter marry he cousin Laura; en dey-all servants think he gwine ter marry Miss Laura. En I reckon Miss Laura think so too. On'y Marse Gawge en me think he gwine ter marry Miss Net. En he done married Miss Net, en I's 'sponsible foh it, en it make me mighty onhappy ter see her so solum en moanful en cryin' out dar under de oak-trees. Her purty blue eyes wuz all pinky lookin', like dey's sewed in wif red worsted; en it made me feel mighty bad ter see her lookin' up inter de branches of dat tree, en sayin' ter herself: "Up dyar is a plant libin' wifout root en groun', en it seem strong en bright. En dat a-way a strong love may live wifout hope. But it ain' a happy love."

Den I know she think Marse Gawge don' love her no more. I reckon she think he love his cousin Laura; en I 'mos' make up my min' ter tell her 'bout de many years Miss Laura done try ter cotch him en cayrn do it. En how Marse Gawge jes see her own purty face a couple of times en fall dead in love wif her. But when she see me dar, 'mos' beside her, she try to peart up, en she say:

"Torm, coulden you get dat mistletoe foh me? It's de purties' thing foh dec'ratin', en dar's not a bit of it been took inter de house ter-day. Hurry, en get it right quick, Torm! Dat bird's eatin' all de berries off it."

I clem up de tree en focht de purty yallerish-green thing down. Mistletoe are brittle stuff, en it broke right off wifout cuttin'. It wuz jes chuck-full of little white berries dat looked zactly like de little pearls ole miss got put away in de pink velvet case, ter wear when she gwine ter weddin's en big pawties. En scusin' whar de birds done et dem off, dey wuz growed in bunches, two en two, all op'site like, jes de same's de leabs en branches, ony stider one at er time on each side de twig, dyar wuz eight on de twig, or double pa'rs on each side. When I done gib dat mistletoe ter Miss Net, she say ter hit:

"Oh, you beauty! Don' you wish you wuz ter your own home in Englan' ter-day? You's an egzile heah." En she kissed de shiny little berries en de leabs. Den she fix hit a little an' look at hit right hard. Den, lookin' back agin ter de tree whyar de mistletoe kem from, she say: "Torm, what's de matter wif dat bird? He look like he got a spasm or crazy spell."

En suah 'nough I reckon Miss Net did think dat little bird gone crazy. 'Kase he wuz bangin' he bill agin de tree like he sut'n'y did hab a spell. But I spect I know whar he doin'. Dis darky's used ter de way of dem Kentucky rice-birds.

En I say ter Miss Net: "He tryin' ter git dat little white speck berry offen he bill. Now he done plant a seed foh a new mistletoe to grow nex' year."

"Plantin' a mistletoe Chris'mas mawnin'?" Miss Net say. "What a purty idee! Torm, you watch en see if dat mistletoe grow. I b'lieve de bird wuz plantin' hit specially foh me."

I tole Miss Net I's gwine ter look ter hit foh her, en she went inter de house, kyarin' in de mistletoe dat I's done focht down foh her.

Well, dat night, when dey-all strangers wuz dar, en de pawty wuz goin' on, en Miss Net lookin' purtier dan all de ladies, scusin' dat Miss Laura wuz lookin' more prouder, like dey-all, en specially Miss Net, wuzn't good 'nough foh her, de pawty wuz comin' 'long jes gran', when, out on de verandy by demselves, Miss Laura say somethin' ter Miss Net dat make her rear back her head, en say dat Miss Laura done make a mistake ter talk ter her dat a-way. En Miss Laura say if she not welcome in her cousin's house, she gwine home in de mawnin'. En, suah 'nough, de nex' mawnin' Miss Laura's trunks wuz all done packed en standin' in de hall, en de kerridge wuz et de door waitin'. Dick, de man dat drove de kerridge, say ter me,

"Whyar Miss Laura gwine?"

En I say, "Home, I reckon."

En Dick say, "Hain't hit mighty suddent startin'?"

Now I's mighty close-moufed, en I diden say nothin' when Dick asked dat. My white folks en my black folks allus tole me, "Torm, done you nuver say nothin'." En so I larnt ter be mighty close-moufed. On'y I spect hit wuz mighty suddent, 'kase I reckon Miss Laura haden calc'lated ter go home twill spring-time come. Foh why she allus visit Marse Gawge en ole miss 'tween Chris'mas en Easter-Sunday? En she spend all de summer dyar, en sometime she stay twill Chris'mas come agin. I reckon hit wuz a little suddent, en mebbe Miss Laura diden hab her visit jes like she calc'lated ter; but I thought she be back agin by-em-by. Dat time I done mistook de way things gwine ter turn, 'kase Miss Laura diden come back right soon, en I nuver see her foh five long years.

Sho'tly after dat night ob de pawty Miss Net begin ter peart up en seem mighty happy; en Marse Gawge wuz jes ez good ter her, a-waitin' on her all de time. One day she show Marse Gawge de oak whyar dat bird done plant de mistletoe; en Marse Gawge tell me ter get a ladder en climb up en show dem de zactlies' spot whyar de bird done plant hit. En dyar hit wuz a-growing jes like mistletoe allus grow down hyar in Kentucky. De dried slime ob dat berry hed stuck de seed tight ter de bark ob de little twig, en two tointy yallerish leabs wuz peekin' out. I know dyar wuz a little crookt stem borin' hit's way inter de bark ter fin' de sap of de tree, but we-all coulden see dat, on'y de two little yallerish leabs en de slimy spot dat de berry make. But when de spring-time en' de summer come de bush growed out right smart, de leabs comin' two en two, two en two, allus comin' in pa'rs.

By-em-by Miss Net wuz mighty busy. 'Pear'd like she done forgot all 'bout dat mistletoe, she got so much sewin' ter do. Her little white han's flash to en fro, en de shiny p'int of her needle show ebry time. Her work-basket wuz full of sorf white flannens, en hanks of flossy silks, en lace, en linen, dat look like dey made of de cobwebs dat we see on de grass in summer-time.

'Bout de time Chris'mas come ag'in dyar wuz nobody ter watch dat mistletoe 'cept me, 'kase dyar wuz a new baby in de house, en Miss Net en Marse Gawge got no time foh mistletoe. Presen'ly Aunt 'Cindy bring de baby inter de new nurs'ry dat used ter be Marse Gawge's smokin'-room, en she axed we-all black folks ter come en see him, en she tole we-all if he diden look zac'ly like Marse Gawge, he pa. Of co'se we-all say he de mor'al image of Marse Gawge, but he sut'n'y did hab a cur'ous little bald head, en he wuz a good sight pinker dan eber I see Marse Gawge; but I reckon Marse Gawge mebbe look dat a-way when he a baby hisself. Den dey-all name dat baby Gawge, after he pa.

Dat chile sut'n'y did grow, en by-em-by he begin ter kick en crawl roun', en his ma say ter me, "Torm, ain' he jes de smartest en de bes' chile you eber see?"

Co'se I allus say "Yes'm." En he, suah 'nough, wuz right smart, scusin' dat he done make some cur'ous mistakes—a-puttin' needles en pins inter his mouf, en pullen de china off de tea table. Dat chile sut'n'y did grow mischievous. But his pa on'y larf ebry time he done little tricks, en say hit de Northern enterprise a-showin' out him. 'Kase he ma from de Norf part de country, Marse Gawge say he learn smarter, en not so lazy like dey-all. Presen'ly he growed so big dat his ma put away all his fine dresses, en put little pants en jackets on him, en he think he a man 'mos' like his pa.

'Bout dat time Marse Gawge wuz poo'ly, en by-em-by he wuz took wif fever, en lay sick a long time, en 'mos' died. But Miss Net sut'n'y did nuss him faithful. She done work wif him all day, en watch by him all de night. She took sich uncommon good kyar of him dat presen'ly he begin ter peart up. En 'bout de time Miss Net wuz took off her feet wid de same kine of fever, Marse Gawge took de turn foh betterment. She hed jes done fed him some brof dat she been cookin' wif her own han's, when she torictly drapped on de floor, en me en Aunt 'Cindy kyard her ter bed. She nuver got out dat bed. De fever en de nussin' of Marse Gawge done strain her, en de fust time Marse Gawge gone out dat house hit wuz ter Miss Net's fune'al, which wuz de week 'fore de fair. En we-all nuver went near de fair dat year.

Well, little Gawge cried foh his ma all de time, en Marse Gawge seem' 'mos' heart-broke; ole miss 'lowed he nuver would do no more good. A couple of months after Miss Net gone, she coax Marse Gawge ter go 'way foh a change. En 'gin he come home agin, he, suah 'nough, done peart up right smart. En by-em-by little Gawge stop frettin', en seem like he 'mos' done forgot his ma.

Pretty soon hit wuz de week 'fore Chris'mas come, en Marse Gawge look like he thinkin' a good deal, en ole miss say she fear'd he gwine ter fret agin. Presen'ly he say he wuz gwine away Chris'mas, en ole miss diden say no 'jection. I reckon she right glad he gwine ter do somethin' ter take his min' off frettin'; en mebbe she know whar he gwine, but she diden tell we-all nothin'. Well, hit diden take long foh de day 'fore Chris'mas come 'long. En Marse Gawge done gone away, en de onlies' white folks in de house wuz ole miss en little Gawge. But ole miss tole we-all ter fix things jes as fine like we gwine ter hab a suah 'nough Chris'mas. En dyar wuz goin's on in de kitchen jes like dyar been when Miss Net been dyar. Hit wuz cold en blowy, en we diden hab lots of flowers like we-all had de fus Chris'mas dat Miss Net wuz dyar. But I s'posed ole miss en little Gawge diden care, 'kase dey's all 'lone by demselfs.

Hit wuz mos' dark time, en ole miss say, "Torm, in de mawnin' you mus' bring in some holly en pine en a branch of mistletoe, ef you can fin' hit; Gawge is comin' home ter-morrer, en he gwine ter fotch comp'ny."

I's mighty s'prised, 'kase Marse Gawge nuver gone inter de parlor ter talk wif no stranger folks sence Miss Net gone. But I jes say "Yes'm," en ole miss en little Gawge en Aunt 'Cindy went upstairs.

Dat night, when de work all done, en dey-all darkies wuz gone ter dyar cabins—scusin' Aunt 'Cindy en me; we allus stays in de house ter take care of things—when dey-all gone ter dyar cabins, en ole miss in her own room, en Aunt 'Cindy done put little Gawge ter sleep in de nurs'ry, me en Aunt 'Cindy wuz settin' in de side hall, nex' de nurs'ry, so's Aunt 'Cindy 'd heah little Gawge ef he gwine wake up. We's settin' dyar, en Aunt 'Cindy 'mos' 'sleep herself, but I's bright awake, en I feel zac'ly like some one's comin' up de nurs'ry stairs. At fust I diden zac'ly heah dem, nor jes see dem, but I's suah dey's comin'. En by-em-by, reel quick like, I know dey's in dat hall whyar me en Aunt 'Cindy wuz settin'. I heah dem, en I see dem, en I feel dem all through de air. Me en Aunt 'Cindy bofe heah Miss Net's voice singin', jes like she used ter sing ter little Gawge, "Rock-a-by baby 'pon a tree-top." De light in de hall burnt sorter blue, en we see her dyar jes like she standin' in de moonlight, or like hit wuz her 'flection in a cl'ar stream. Still hit wuz mighty plain, en me en Aunt 'Cindy bofe see hit suah 'nough wuz Miss Net, en jes dat minute she dis'peared, en we heah'd her still singin' in de nurs'ry. Den ole miss kem runnin' in from de big hall, en she all white en skeered-lookin'.

She say, all choked, like she coulden open she lips, "Did you see or heah anything in de main hall?"

En Aunt 'Cindy say: "I don' know. Miss Net wuz heah. But I don' know if I suah 'nough see her or heah her."

Den we-all heah her again singin' in de nurs'ry, en ole miss went straight en light a candle, en we-all went inter de nurs'ry, whar little Gawge wuz sleepin' in de dark. Dyar he wuz, a-settin' up in his bed en broad 'wake.

When we-all went inter de room, he say, "Grand-mammy, is my ma been heah?"

Ole miss not stout 'nough ter say no, so she jes say, "You been sleepin', honey."

En little Gawge say, "Den I wuz dreamin' dat my ma kissed me." En he turn over en went ter sleep agin right quick, 'kase he allus slep' mighty good at nights.

Ole miss wuz tremblin' en shakin' like she got de ager. En she say ter Aunt 'Cindy en me: "Torm, you en Aunt 'Cindy's ole servants, en I ken trus' you ter nuver say nothin' 'bout dis 'fore de udder servants. Gawge en his cousin Laura wuz married dis ebenin'. Dey will be heah 'fore dinner ter-morrer. Remember, I wish you ter say nothin' of this."

We bofe say "Yes'm." En ole miss know we mighty close-moufed. We ain' gwine ter say nothin'.

De nex' mawnin' I went out in de gawden ter git de green stuff whar ole miss done tole me ter git, en dyar wuz Miss Net's mistletoe whar de bird done plant five years ago. Dyar hit wuz, layin' on de groun', split inter two halves, like Miss Net's spirit done gone clean through hit. I pick dat mistletoe up, en put hit togedder agin. But I diden take hit inter de house foh dec'rate foh Marse Gawge en Miss Laura. I jes take hit en kayrd hit ter de little grabeyard, en put hit on Miss Net's grabe, 'kase I know nobody else 'd git time ter dec'rate de grabe dat day, when hit wuz Chris'mas, en Marse Gawge jes done got married.

NEW CHURCHES IN NEW YORK.

NEVER in the history of New York has church erection been so active as now, and if we may judge from such a tangible standard as this, Christianity is the opposite of "a creed outworn." Commenting on this growth of churches, one of the most distinguished of the city's clergy said to the writer, "New York is the most religious city in the world." Be that as it may, a study of the recent church extension within its limits will convince all that a wonderful energy is revealed by the facts as they may be found in the list of applications for permits to build on file in the Building Department.

An investigation of this list, supplemented by careful inquiries among architects, clergymen, and other well-informed sources, shows that since the 1st of January, 1888, plans for fifty new church edifices, involving an expense of about four million dollars, were submitted. Only a rough estimate is here attempted, as building expenses are apt to have an elastic quality, and as it is difficult to determine with any precision the cost of land, or the due proportion of cost for a given period of a long-continued work. Estimates on the same item were often found to vary widely when information was sought from those who should be able to speak with authority.

With this preface, we present the following table of the principal churches built or begun in New York since January 1, 1888, thrown into groups by denominations, with location, cost, and architects:

ROMAN CATHOLIC.

	Cost.
Convent of Sacred Heart and Chapel. Schickel, architect	$200,000
St. Joseph's (additions), W. 125th Street. Herter Bros., architects	30,000
Corpus Christi Monastery and Chapel, Barretto Street. Schickel, architect	150,000
St. Thomas the Apostle, St. Nicholas Avenue and 118th Street. Poole, architect	32,000
St. Joseph's, Bathgate Avenue and 177th Street. Kerby, architect	100,000
St. Patrick's Cathedral spires, Fifth Avenue and 51st Street. Renwick, Aspinwall, & Russell, architects	200,000
All-Saints', Madison Avenue and 129th Street. Renwick, Aspinwall, & Russell, architects	100,000
Our Lady of Good Counsel, E. 90th Street. Poole, architect	125,000
Our Lady of the Scapula of Mount Carmel, E. 28th Street. Poole, architect	30,000
St. Catharine of Genoa, Tenth Avenue and 153d Street. Poole, architect	25,000
St. Charles Borromeo, Seventh Avenue and 140th Street. Low, architect	32,000
Holy Name of Jesus, Tenth Avenue and 96th Street. Poole, architect	100,000

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.

Holy Trinity, Lenox Avenue and 122d Street. Potter, architect	$200,000
St. John's Chapel, W. 91st Street. Potter, architect	300,000
All-Angels', West End Avenue and 81st Street. Snook, architect	150,000
St. Andrew's, Fifth Avenue and 127th Street. Congdon, architect	325,000
Christ Church, Boulevard and 71st Street. Haight, architect	150,000
Chapel of Theological Seminary, W. 21st Street Haight, architect	50,000
St. Luke's, Convent Avenue and 141st Street. Robertson, architect	250,000
Church of the Redeemer, Park Avenue and 82d Street. Wood, architect	60,000

PRESBYTERIAN.

Rutgers Riverside Church, Boulevard and 73d Street. Robertson, architect	$120,000
Park, Tenth Avenue and 86th Street. Kilburn, architect	90,000
West End Chapel, Tenth Avenue and 105th Street. Carrère & Hastings, architects	70,000
Allen Street Church, Forsyth Street. J. C. Cady & Co., architects	40,000
Calvary Chapel, Fifth Avenue and 116th Street. Robertson, architect	30,000
Good-Will Mission Chapel, E. 51st Street. Terhune, architect	35,000
Bethlehem Mission Chapel, Bleecker Street. Warner, architect	35,000
New York Presbyterian Church, Seventh Avenue and 128th Street. Davis, architect	60,000

METHODIST.

Rivington Street Church, Rivington Street. J. C. Cady & Co., architects	$40,000
Grace, W. 104th Street, near Ninth Avenue. J. C. Cady & Co., architects	60,000
St. Andrew's, W. 76th Street, near Ninth Avenue. J. C. Cady & Co., architects	175,000

BAPTIST.

Grace, Park Avenue and 92d Street. Stent, architect	$21,000
First German Baptist Church of Harlem, E. 118th Street. Kilburn, architect	14,000
Second German Baptist Church of New York, W. 43d Street. Kilburn, architect	25,000

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Cost.
Unity, Unitarian, Lenox Avenue and 121st Street. Atwood, architect	$70,000
St. James's, Lutheran, Madison Avenue and 73d Street. Potter, architect	85,000
Congregational Church, 142d Street. Davis, architect	15,000
Gospel Tabernacle, Eighth Avenue, near 44th Street. Edleman and Smith, architects	100,000
Bohemian Church, E. 74th Street. Robertson, architect	45,000
Zichron Ephraim Synagogue, E. 67th Street. Schneider & Herter, architects	120,000
Bikur Cholim Synagogue, E. 72d Street. Schneider & Herter, architects	100,000
Hamilton Grange, Dutch Reformed, W. 145th Street. Wolfe, architect	30,000
Mission of Good Shepherd, Blackwell's Island. Withers, architect	75,000
Memorial Chapel, Cancer Hospital, Eighth Avenue and 105th Street. Haight, architect	50,000
New York City Mission, Front Street. J. C. Cady & Co., architects	35,000

In addition to this catalogue could be named several frame edifices, small and temporary structures, and unimportant additions or alterations. And, as will be seen at once, the list does not include buildings of a religious character not strictly speaking places of worship, as for example, the splendid building of the Methodist Book Concern. Monasteries, orphan asylums, hospitals, and other conventual or charitable institutions are not reckoned, except in special cases where the church feature enters and is predominant. One is troubled, again, to decide with respect to several important churches, as, for instance, the Mount Morris Baptist, the Calvary Methodist, and the St. Lawrence Roman Catholic, which might claim a place in a review of the past two years, and yet of right scarcely belong to the period. And, on the other hand, we are justified in including several structures that are not yet passed the earliest stage, such as the new St. Luke's and the Lenox Avenue Unitarian.

The most rapid survey of the work done during the two years will bring to view many interesting facts. The prominent one is the marked tendency to swing away from the Gothic into the Romanesque and Renaissance schools of architecture. Of the new churches, scarcely one of importance is of the Gothic order. Of the various Roman Catholic churches built by Mr. William Schickel, one of the leading architects in this field, that of St. Lawrence stands almost alone as a representative of the Gothic style. As a rule, Mr. Schickel's plans are in the Renaissance schools, of which he shows a remarkable example in the superb new chapel for the convent of the Sacred Heart, one of the finest specimens of early Italian Renaissance to be seen in this country. Herter Brothers hold fast to tradition in their conventional but effective plans for the church of St. Joseph, and Renwick, Aspinwall, & Russell adhere, of course, to the principles of the pure Gothic in the treatment of St. Patrick's spires. We have another striking example of the early English Gothic in the church of All-Angels'. This is one of the most effective among the group of new churches on the west side, and worthily represents the best architectural traditions of the Anglican Church.

But these examples are, after all, only the exceptions. Even such a loyal churchman as Mr. W. A. Potter confines his designs to the Romanesque. The stately St. John's Chapel, Holy Trinity, and the Lutheran church of St. James are all of this school. And in explanation of this movement Mr. Potter says, in common with his professional brethren, that the change from Gothic to the Romanesque grows out of the circumstances of our climate and age. Messrs. Cady, Haight, Kilburn, Carrère, and others bear testimony to the same effect. They agree in declaring that the Gothic requires too costly decoration if it is to be effective; that it wastes light, space, and heat, involves difficult problems in acoustics, and is not adapted to modern ideas of comfort or safety. Hence the general disposition to turn from the pointed to the rounded arch with all those features of plainer finish, lower ceilings, larger lights, and the like, which go with the change.

Discussing this subject, Mr. Snook, the architect of All-Angels', said to the writer that, while that building was planned in pure early Gothic, he was swinging away from that style, and in the new Tabernacle which his firm are to build for Dr. Talmage's church he should use the Romanesque. Renwick, Aspinwall, & Russell have taken a somewhat similar course in regard to the Roman Catholic church of All-Saints. Mr. Carrère, of the firm of Carrère & Hastings, the architects of the West End Presbyterian Church, is a fervid advocate of the Renaissance. As the architect of the famous Hotel Ponce de Leon in San Augustine, Mr. Carrère speaks with weight. He says that he should as well think of arming a soldier with pike and cross-bow, and sending him forth to battle, as to provide a nineteenth century Christian with a Gothic temple of worship. The Gothic represents mediævalism, and is as obsolete as chain-armor. In talking with the dozen leading architects of the city who are busy with important ecclesiastical work, it was significant to find this agreement among them that the Gothic was out of keeping with current needs and thought.

Another tendency of modern architecture in the way of adapting historic forms to contemporary requirements, to which Mr. Potter called the writer's attention, is the disposition to build a group of edifices in place of a single structure. There is much greater attention paid than formerly to parish work, which is reflected architecturally in a complex pile, comprising in one composition church, chapel, parsonage, and other buildings, calling for new models and original ideas. Instead of a simple square church on a corner, with a steeple at the street angle, the architect has now to treat a cluster of buildings so as to produce a harmonious and pleasing effect. Here is an evolution of the social side of church life which finds embodiment in new architectural expressions. How true this observation is may be seen by any student of the new churches, and nowhere to better advantage, perhaps, than at Mr. Potter's church of Holy Trinity, a group that has occasioned much criticism, and yet one that is based on sound architectural principles. Other examples of this grouping may be seen at Cady's St. Andrew's Methodist Church, Robertson's Rutgers Riverside Presbyterian Church, Snook's All-Angels' Episcopal Church, and Poole's Church of the Holy Name of Jesus.

To speak now of some of the more interesting and salient features of the new churches: All-Saints' is described by the architects to be an example of Venetian Gothic, of colored brick and terra-cotta, the original plans calling for an interior to be finished in the same materials. The chapel for the West End Presbyterian Church is in the Venetian Renaissance style. It has an outside staircase forming a portico with stepping arches of white marble and flanked by two buttressed turrets. The material is white marble, brick, and terra-cotta, and a rich rose-window forms the central motive. The interior is barrel-vaulted, with penetrations and domes, through which the light is admitted. The Park Presbyterian Church has a base of Belleville (New Jersey) brown-stone, the walls are of Long Meadow brown-stone, and the trimmings of Lake Superior red-stone. It is Romanesque in style, and is distinguished by a massive tower. All-Angels' Church, as already mentioned, is one of the most striking in the city. Of the early Gothic type, it suggests in its solid walls and embattled towers the "church militant." The edifice, however, is relieved of too grim an aspect by elaborate stone tracery and other ornamentation. A novel interior feature will be seven lamps in niches in the apse. Carrying out the suggestions in the name of the church, the diaper-work decorations and the window-glass will be instinct with angelic heads. This edifice, the total cost of which will not be less than $150,000, is a gift to the parish by its rector, the Rev. Dr. Hoffman, a man of large fortune, which he dedicates to works of piety. Christ Church is an example of the prevailing Romanesque. It is built of buff brick from Columbus, Ohio, with red terra-cotta. Its form is transeptal, with aisles. The full plans contemplate a chapel at the side of the chancel, opening into both chancel and transept.

Some of the most interesting examples of later Gothic are the Roman Catholic churches constructed by Mr. Thomas H. Poole, the architect of the College of St. Francis Xavier in West Sixteenth Street. Of this group, the strikingly graceful front of the Church of Our Lady of Good Counsel, in East Ninetieth Street, should be specially mentioned. The style is that of the transition period from decorated to early perpendicular, and the material of a delicate gray marble. The Church of St. Thomas the Apostle is another example of the same period, but less original and effective in treatment. Mr. Poole's Church of Our Lady of the Scapula of Mount Carmel introduces a novelty in that it is the first church construction of iron in this city. The structure is so framed that when the permanent edifice shall be built around it, it can be taken apart and set up again elsewhere. This idea is not a novel one, being in use to some extent abroad, but it has not been resorted to before in New York. When the iron skeleton is clothed in its finishings, the spectator would not dream that the main construction was of metal.

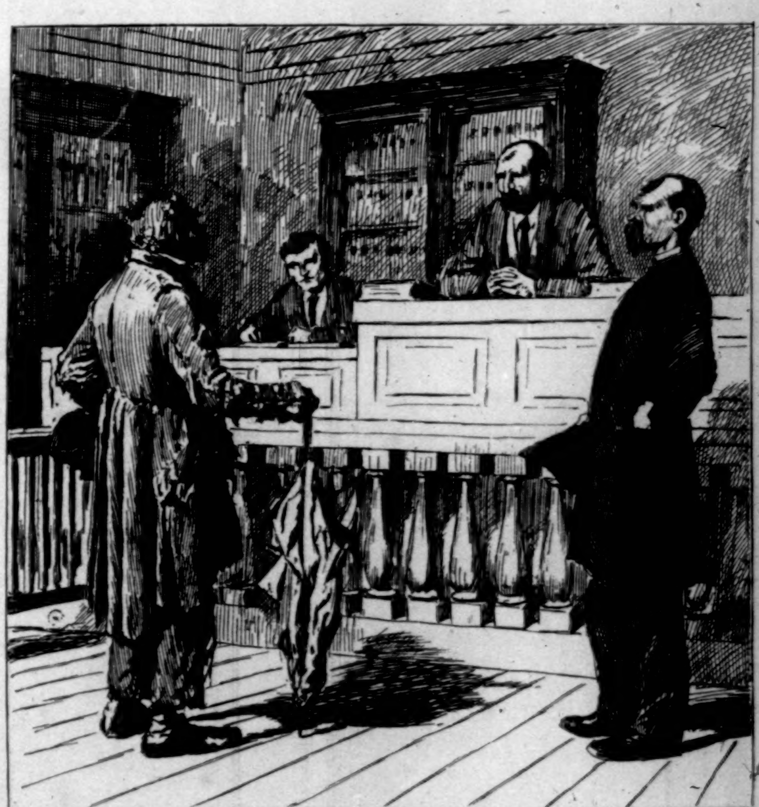
An important movement in church building in the Episcopal Church involves the migration of St. Luke's to a far uptown site, at the corner of Convent Avenue and 141st Street, while Trinity Corporation uses its Hudson Street property for a new group of parish buildings. It is intended to erect at an early day a costly new St. Luke's on the ten lots recently acquired, and meanwhile the parish uses the historic "Hamilton Grange," which it has removed to its land. The most unique place of worship in New York has been constructed out of this famous mansion. The double parlors compose the audience-room, a tiny altar occupying a portion of the space in the back parlor. The old dining-room adjacent serves as a robing-room. Directly overhead are the two historic bedrooms, one used by Hamilton, and the other, the guest-chamber, known as the Washington room, because it was occupied by Washington whenever he visited the Grange. The building is cared for with great pains, and its safety, as one of the most interesting of Revolutionary relics, is secure.

A number of mission chapels have been erected since 1888, and a costly enterprise in this field was authorized by the recent General Convention of the Episcopal Church, and the preliminary steps taken toward its realization at an early day in the future. Of buildings actually constructed, the most interesting perhaps is the mission chapel of the Good Shepherd, on Blackwell's Island, erected by Mr. F. C. Withers out of funds to the amount of $75,000 given by Mr. George Bliss. The chapel is for the use of the almshouse. It comprises a main audience-room, with a seating capacity of 400, a lecture or reading room, a study for the clergy in charge, and a room for the use of the ladies interested in the work. The material is of granite and brick, trimmed with Bellevue stone. The roof is open-timbered, and there is a free use of stained glass, producing a most pleasing effect. Another interesting mission structure is the Rivington Street Methodist Chapel, built by Mr. Cady.

Any review of church extension in New York during the past two years would be incomplete without a notice of the steps that have been taken looking to the building of the cathedral church of St. John the Divine. An admirable site has been acquired, at an expense of $850,000, on the elevated plateau between Morningside and Riverside parks. Geographically, it is near the centre of the city, and it is located in a section that promises to be one of the most populous and at the same time select. The site is included in the area desired for the use of the World's Fair; but as it is not the intention to build the cathedral for several years, this temporary occupation of the land presents no difficulties. During the two years a number of architects have submitted plans in a general competition, and out of those offered, four were chosen for elaboration and a second competition. All of these were Gothic, but it does not follow that the choice is now restricted to designs of this school. On principles of modern church architecture already stated, and also because a second Gothic cathedral in New York might seem an imitation, or at any rate a rival, of St. Patrick's, many influential persons favor some other school. The trustees as yet have not settled definitely upon any fixed plan, though they indicate a preference for the Gothic.

Thus it may be seen that, speaking roughly, and including the purchase of the cathedral site, five million dollars has been raised and expended during the past two years for church erection in New York city. This immense sum has been secured in a great variety of ways—by princely individual gifts, by the effective operation of the financial machinery of the Roman Catholic Church, by local enthusiasm, enterprise, and generosity among the Protestant churches, aided, where necessary, by the Church Extension committees, by fairs, and all sorts of ingenious devices for loosening reluctant purse strings. Whatever the means, the result is impressive. It shows, from the pocket-book argument, to which nowadays much weight is attached, that the religious sentiment has a strong hold on the heart of New York.

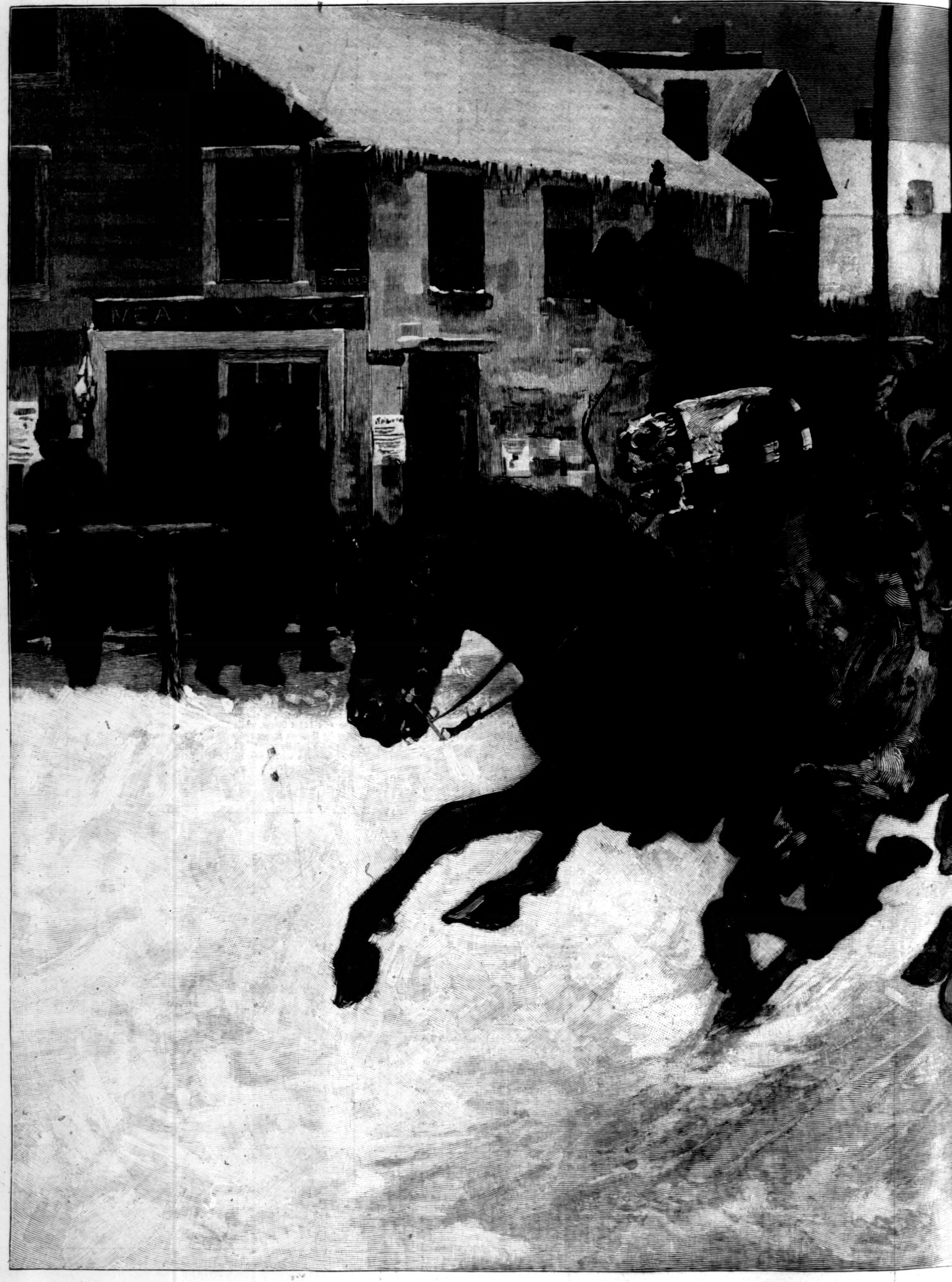
HENRY R. ELLIOT.



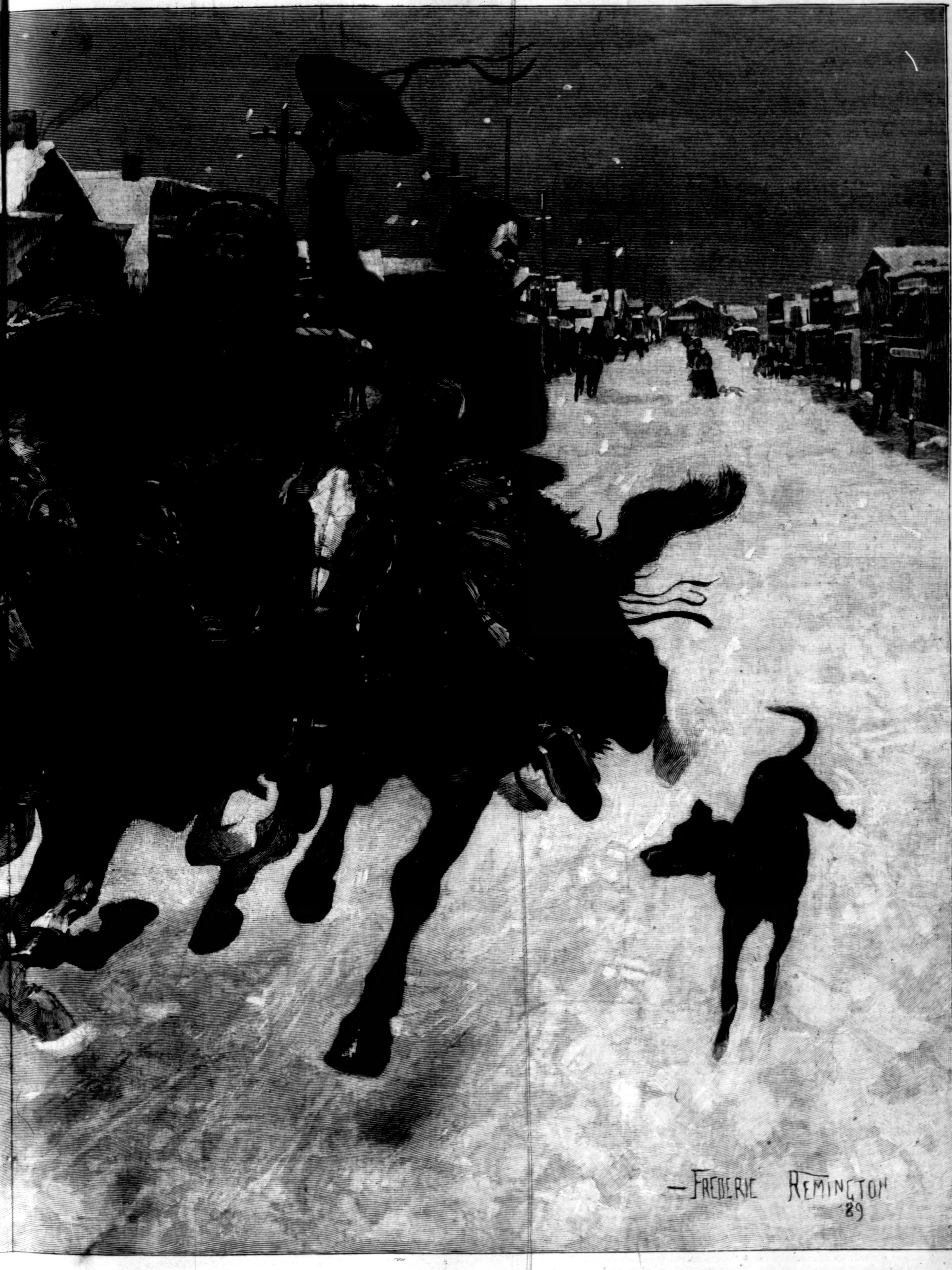
NO PARVENU ABOUT HIM.

POLICE JUDGE. "It seems, Gabe, that you have been here a good many times before—*in short*, that you are an old-timer!"

UNCLE GABE. "Yes, Jedge, I is. I been here befo', an' I ain't gwine ter put myself *down on de lebbul* wid dese mushroom niggers an' loafers dat come here fo' de fust time."



COW-BOYS COMING TO TOWN FOR CHRIST


—FREDERIC REMINGTON '89

STMAS.—Drawn by Frederic Remington.—[See Page 1024.]

THE AZTEC TREASURE-HOUSE.

(Continued from front page.)

after and finding of the great treasure that was hidden, in a curiously secret place among the Mexican mountains more than a thousand years ago, by Chaltzantzin, the third of the Aztec kings.

I.—FRAY ANTONIO.

My heart was light within me as I stood on the steamer's deck in the cool gray of an October morning, and saw out across the dark green sea and the dusky, brownish stretch of coast country the snow-crowned peak of Orizaba glinting in the first rays of the rising sun. And presently, as the sun rose higher, all the tropic region of the coast and the brown walls of Vera Cruz and of its outpost fort of San Juan de Ulua were flooded with brilliant light—which sudden and glorious outburst of radiant splendor seemed to me to be charged with a bright promise of my own success.

And still lighter was my heart, a week later, when I found myself established in the beautiful city of Morelia, and ready to begin actively the work for which I had been preparing myself—at first unconsciously, but for ten years past consciously and carefully—almost all my life long.

Morelia, I had decided, was the best base for the operations that I was about to undertake. My main purpose was to search for the remnants of primitive civilization among the more isolated of the native Indian tribes; and out of the fragments thus found, pieced together with what more I could glean from the early ecclesiastical and civil records, to recreate so far as this was possible the fabric that was destroyed by the Spanish conquerors. Nowhere could my investigations be conducted to better advantage than in the State of Michoacan (of which state the city of Morelia is the capital) and in the adjacent State of Jalisco. For in this region tribes still exist which never have been reduced to more than nominal subjection, and which maintain to a great extent their primitive customs and their primitive faith, though curiously mingling with this latter many Christian observances. Indeed, the independence of the Indians of these parts is so notable that the proverb "Free as Jalisco" is current throughout Mexico. Moreover, Morelia is a city rich in ancient records. The archives of the Franciscan Province that has its centre here extend back to the year 1531; those of the Bishopric of Michoacan to the year 1538; and those of the Colegio de San Nicolás to the year 1540; while in the recently founded Museo Michoacano already has been collected a rich store of archæological material. In a word, there was no place in all Mexico where my studies and my investigations could be pursued to such advantage as they could be pursued here.

From a fellow-archæologist in the City of Mexico I brought a letter of introduction to the director of the Museo, the learned Dr. Nicolás Leon; and so cordially was this letter worded, and so cordially was it received, that within the day of my coming into that strange city I found myself in the midst of friends. At once their hearts and their houses were opened to me, and they gave me with a warm enthusiasm the benefit of their knowledge and of their active assistance in forwarding the work that I had in hand.

In the quiet retirement of the Museo I opened to that one of its members to whom the director especially had commended me, Don Rafael Moreno, the purposes which I had in view, and the means by which I hoped to accomplish them. "Surely," I said, "among the free Indians in the mountains hereabouts much may be found—in customs, in tone of thought, in religion—that has remained unchanged since the time of the conquest."

Don Rafael nodded. "Fray Antonio has said as much," he observed, thoughtfully.

"And as your own distinguished countryman, Señor Orozco y Berra, has pointed out," I continued, "many dark places in primitive history may be made clear, many illusions may be dispelled, and many deeply interesting truths may be gathered by one who will go among these Indians, lending himself to their mode of life, and will note accurately what he thus learns from sources wholly original."

"Fray Antonio has professed the same belief," Don Rafael answered. "But that his love is greater for the saving of heathen souls than for the advancement of antiquarian knowledge, he long ago would have done what you now propose to do. He has done much toward gathering a portion of the information that you seek, even as it is."

"And who is this Fray Antonio, señor?"

"He is the man who of all men can give you the wisest help at this present time. We see but little of him here at the Museo, though he is one of our most honored members, for his time is devoted so wholly to the godly work to which he has given himself that but little remains to him to use in other ways. He is a monk, vowed to the rule of St. Francis. As you know, since the promulgation of the Laws of the Reform, monks are not permitted in our country to live in communities; but, with only a few exceptions, the conventual churches which have not been secularized still are administered by members of the religious orders to which they formerly belonged. Fray Antonio has the charge of the church of San Francisco—over by the market-place, you know—and virtually is a parish priest. He is a religious enthusiast. In God's service he gives himself no rest. The common people here, since his loving labors among them while the pestilence of small-pox raged, reverently believe him to be a saint; and those of a higher class, who know what heroic work he did in that dreadful time, and who see how perfectly his life conforms to the principles which he professes, and how like is the spirit of holiness that animates him to that of the sainted men who founded the order to which he belongs, are disposed to hold a like opinion. Truly, it is by the especial grace of God that men like Fray Antonio are permitted at times to dwell upon this sinful earth."

Don Rafael spoke with a depth of feeling and a reverence of tone that gave to his strong words still greater strength and deeper meaning. After a moment's pause, he resumed: "But that which is of most interest to you, señor, is the knowledge that Fray Antonio has gained of our native Indians during his ministrations among them. It is the dearest wish of his heart to carry to these heathen souls the saving grace of Christianity, and for the accomplishment of this good purpose he makes many journeys into the mountains, ministering in the chapels which his zeal has founded in the Indian towns, and striving earnestly by his preaching of God's word to bring these far-wandered sheep into the Christian fold. Very often his life has been in most imminent peril, for the idolatrous priests of the mountain tribes hate him with a most bitter hatred because of the inroads which his mild creed is making upon the cruel creed which they uphold. Yet is he careless of the danger to which he exposes himself; and there be those who believe, such is the temerity with which he manifests his zeal, that he rather seeks than shuns a martyr's crown."

Again Don Rafael paused, and again was it evident that deep feelings moved him as he spoke of the holy life of this most holy man. "You will thus understand, señor," he went on, "that Fray Antonio of all men is best fitted by his knowledge of the ways of these mountain Indians to advise you touching your going among them and studying them. You cannot do better than confer with him at once. It is but a step to the church of San Francisco. Let us go."

What Don Rafael had said had opened new horizons to me, and I was stirred by strange feelings as we passed out together from the shady silence of the house into the bright silence of the streets—for Morelia is a quiet city, wherein at all times is gentleness and rest. For priests in general, and for Mexican priests in particular, I had entertained always a profound contempt. But now, from an impartial source, I had heard of a Mexican priest whose life springs seemed to be the soul-stirring impulses of the thirteenth century; who was devoted in soul and in body to the service of God and of his fellow-men; in whom, in a word, the seraphic spirit of St. Francis of Assisi seemed to live again. But by this way coming to such tangible evidence of the survival in the present time of forces which were born into the world six hundred years ago, my thoughts took a natural turn to my own especial interests; and, by perhaps not over-strong analogy, I reasoned that if this monk still lived so closely to the letter and to the spirit of the Rule that St. Francis, six centuries back, gave to his Order, most reasonably might I hope to find still quick something of the life that was in full vigor in Mexico only a little more than half that many centuries ago.

We turned off from the Calle Principal by the little old church of La Cruz, and passed onward across the market-place—where buying and selling went on languidly, and where a drowsy hum of talk made a rhythmic setting to a scene that seemed to my unaccustomed eyes less a bit of real life than a bit lifted bodily from an opera. Facing the market-place was the ancient church; and the change was a pleasant one, from the vivid sunlight and warmth of the streets to its cool, shadowy interior—where the only sign of life was a single old woman, her head muffled in her *rebozo*, praying her way along the Stations of the Cross. For more than two hundred and fifty years had prayer been made and praise been offered here; and as I thought of the many generations who here had ministered and worshipped—though evil hearts in plenty, no doubt, both within and without the chancel there had been—it seemed to me that some portion of the subtle essence of all the soul-longings for heavenly help and guidance that here had been breathed forth, by men and women truly struggling against the sinful forces at work in the world, had entered into the very fabric of that ancient church, and so had sanctified it.

We crossed to the eastern end of the church, where was a low doorway, closed by a heavy wooden door that was studded with rough iron nails and ornamented with rudely finished iron-work; pushing which door open briskly, as one having the assured right of entry there, Don Rafael courteously stood aside and motioned to me to enter the sacristy.

From the shadowy church I passed at a step into a small vaulted room brilliant with the sunlight that poured into it through a broad window that faced the south. Just where this flood of sunshine fell upon the flagged floor, rising from a base of stone steps built up in pyramidal form, was a large cross of some dark wood, on which was the life-size figure of the crucified Christ; and there, on the bare stone pavement before this emblem of his faith, his face, on which the sunlight fell full, turned upward toward the holy image, and his arms raised in supplication, clad in his Franciscan habit of which the hood had fallen back, knelt Fray Antonio; and upon his pale purely holy face that the rich sunlight glorified was an expression so seraphic, so entranced, that it seemed as though to his fervent gaze the very gates of heaven must be open, and all the splendors and glories and majesties of paradise revealed.

It is as I thus first saw Fray Antonio—verily a saint kneeling before the cross—that I strive to think of him always. Yet even when that other and darker, but surely more glorious, picture of him rises before my mind I am not disconsolate; for at such times the thought possesses me—coming to me clearly and vehemently, as though from a strongly impelled force without myself—that what he prayed for at the moment when I beheld him was that which God granted to him in the end.

Some men being thus broken in upon while in the very act of communing with Heaven would have been distressed and ill at ease—as I assuredly was, because I had so interrupted him. But to Fray Antonio, as I truly believe, communion with Heaven was so entirely a part of his daily life that our sudden entry in no wise ruffled him. After a moment, that he might recall his thoughts within himself and so to earth again, he arose from his knees, and with a grave, simple grace came forward to greet us. He was not more than eight-and-twenty years old, and he was slightly built and thin—not emaciated, but lean with the wholesome leanness of one who strove to keep his body in the careful order of a machine of which much work was required. His face still had in it the soft roundness and tenderness of youth, that accorded well with its expression of gracious sweetness; but there was a firmness about the fine, strong chin, and in the set of the delicate lips, that showed a reserve of masterful strength. And most of all did this strength shine forth from his eyes; which truly, though at this first sight of him I did not perceive it fully, were the most wonderful eyes that ever I have seen. As I then beheld them I thought them black; but they really were a dark blue, and so were in keeping with his fair skin and hair. Yet that which gave them so strong an individuality was less their changing color than the marvellous way in which their expression changed with every change of feeling of the soul that animated them. When I first saw them, turned up toward heaven, they seemed to speak a heavenly language full of love; and when I saw them last, stern, but shining with the exultant light of joy triumphant, they fairly hurled the wrath of outraged Heaven against the conquered powers of hell. And I can give no adequate conception of the love that shone forth from them when pitying sympathy for human sorrow, or even for the pain which brute beasts suffered, touched that most tender heart for which they spoke in tones richer and fuller than the tones of words.

Don Rafael, standing without the door that he had opened in order that I might precede him, did not perceive that we had interrupted Fray Antonio in his prayers; and began, therefore, in the lively manner natural to him, when I had been in due form presented as an American archæologist come to Mexico to pursue my studies of its primitive inhabitants, to commend the undertaking that I had in hand, and to ask of Fray Antonio the aid in prosecuting it that he so well could give.

Perhaps it was that Fray Antonio understood how wholly my heart already had gone out to him—assuredly, later, there was such close sympathy between us that our thoughts would go and come to each other without need for words—and so was disposed in some instinctive way to join his purposes with mine; but, be this as it may, before Don Rafael well could finish the explanation of my wishes, Fray Antonio had comprehended what I desired, and had promised to give me his aid.

"The señor already has a book-knowledge of our native tongues? That is well. The speaking knowledge will come easily. He shall have the boy Pablo for his servant. A good boy is Pablo. With him he can talk in the Nahua dialect—which is the most important, for it is sprung most directly from the ancient stock. And I will arrange that the señor shall live for a time in the mountains—it will be a hard life, I fear—at Santa María and at San Andrés, in which villages he can gain a mouth mastery of the Otomí and Tarascan dialects. A little time must be given to all this—some months, no doubt. But the señor, who already has studied through ten years, will understand the needfulness of this short discipline. To a true student, study in itself is a delight—still more that study which makes the realization of a long-cherished purpose possible. The señor, I know, reads Spanish, since so perfectly he speaks it"—this with a gracious movement of the hands and a courteous inclination of the body that enhanced the value of the compliment—"but does the señor read with ease our ancient Spanish script?"

"I have never attempted it," I answered. "But as I can read easily the old printed Spanish, I suppose," I added, a little airily, "that I shall have no great difficulty in reading the old script also."

Fray Antonio smiled a little as he glanced at Don Rafael, who smiled also, and as he turned out his hands, answered: "Perhaps. But it is not quite the same as print, as the señor will know when he tries. But it makes no difference; for what is most interesting in our archives I shall be glad—and so also will be Don Rafael—to aid him in reading.

"You must know, señor," he went on, dropping his formal mode of address as his interest in the subject augmented, and as his feeling toward me grew warmer, "that many precious documents are here preserved. So early as the year 1536 this western region was erected into a Custodia distinct from the Province of the Santo Evangelio of Mexico; and from that time onward letters and reports relating to the work done by the missionaries of our Order among the heathen have been here received. In truth, I doubt not that many historic treasures are hidden here. In modern times, during the last hundred years or more, but little thought has been given to the care of these old papers—which are so precious to such as Don Rafael and yourself because of their antiquarian value, and which are still more precious to me because they tell of the sowing among the heathen of the seed of God's own Word. It is probable that they have not been at all examined into since our learned brothers Pablo de Beaumont and Alonzo de la Rea were busy with the writing of their chronicles of this Province—and the labors of these brothers ended more than two hundred and fifty years ago. In the little time that I myself can give to such matters I already have found many manuscripts which cast new and curious light upon the strange people who dwelt here in Mexico before the Spaniards came. Some of these I will send for your examination, for they will prepare you for the work you have in contemplation by giving you useful knowledge of primitive modes of life and tones of faith and phases of thought. And while you are in the mountains, at Santa María and San Andrés, I will make further searches in our archives; and what I find you shall see upon your return.

"With your permission, señores, I must now go about my work. Don Rafael knows that I am much too ready to forget my work in talk of ancient matters. It is a weakness with me—this love for the study of antiquity—that I struggle against, but that seems rather to increase upon me than to be overcome. This afternoon, señor, I will send a few of the ancient manuscripts to you. And so—until we meet again."

II.—THE CACIQUE'S SECRET.

Fray Antonio punctually fulfilled his promise in regard to the manuscripts, and I had but to glance at them in order to understand the smile that he had interchanged with Don Rafael when I so airily had expressed my confidence in my ability to read them. To say that I more easily could read Hebrew is not to the purpose, for I can read Hebrew very well. But it is precisely to the purpose to say that I could not read them at all! What with the curious, involved formation of the several letters, the extraordinary abbreviations, the antique spelling, the strange forms of expression, and the use of obsolete words, I could not make sense of so much as a single line. Yet when, being forced into inglorious surrender, I carried the manuscripts to the Museo, and appealed to Don Rafael for assistance, he read to me in fluent Spanish all that I had found so utterly incomprehensible. "It is only a knack," he explained. "A little time and patience are required at first, but then all comes easily." But Don Rafael did here injustice to his own scholarship. More than a little time and patience have I since given to the study of ancient Spanish script, and I am even yet very far from being an expert in the reading of it.

In regard to the other promise that Fray Antonio made me—that he would send me a servant who also would serve as a practical instructor in the Nahua, or Aztec, dialect—he was equally punctual. While I was taking, in my bedroom, my first breakfast of bread and coffee the morning following my visit to the church of San Francisco, I heard a faint sound of music; but whether it was loud music at a distance or very soft music near at hand I could not tell. Presently I perceived that the musician was feeling about among the notes for the sabre song from *La Grande Duchesse*—selections from which semi-obsolete opera, as I then remembered, had been played by the military band on the plaza the evening before. Gradually the playing grew more assured; until it ended in an accurate and spirited rendering of the air. With this triumph, the volume of the sound increased greatly; and from its tones I inferred that the instrument was a concertina, and that whoever played it was in the inner court-yard of the hotel. Suddenly, in the midst of the music, there sounded—and this sound unmistakably came from the hotel court-yard—the prodigious braying of an ass; and accompanying this came the soft sound of bare feet hurrying away down the passage from near my door.

I opened the door and looked out, but the passage was empty. The gallery overlooked the court-yard, and stepping to the edge of the low stone railing, I beheld a sight that I never recall without a feeling of warm tenderness. Almost directly beneath me stood a small gray ass, a very delicately shaped and perfect little animal, with a coat of most extraordinary length and fuzziness, and with ears of a truly prodigious size. His head was raised, and his great ears were pricked forward in a fashion which indicated that he was most intently listening; and upon his face was an expression of such benevolent sweetness, joined to such thoughtfulness and meditative wisdom, that in my heart (which is very open to affection for his gentle kind) there sprung up in a moment a real love for him. Suddenly he lowered his head, and turned eagerly his regard toward the corner of the court-yard where descended the stairway from the gallery on which I stood; and from this quarter came toward him a smiling, pleasant-faced Indian lad of eighteen or twenty years old, whose dress was a cotton shirt and cotton trousers, whose feet were bare, and on whose head was a battered hat of straw. And as the ass saw the boy, he strained at the cord that tethered him and gave another mighty bray.

"Dost thou call me, Wise One?" said the boy, speaking in Spanish. "Truly this Señor Americano is a lazy señor, that he rises so late, and keeps us waiting for his coming so long. But patience, Wise One. The Padre says that he is a good gentleman, in whose service we shall be treated as though we were kings. No doubt I now can buy my rain-coat. And as for thou, Wise One—thou shalt have beans!"

And being by this time come to the ass, the boy enfolded in his arms the creature's fuzzy head and gently stroked its preternaturally long ears. And the ass, for its part, responded to the caress by rubbing its head against the boy's breast and by most energetically twitching its scrag of a tail. Thus for a little time these friends manifested for each other their affection; and then the boy seated himself on the pavement beside the ass and drew forth from his pocket a large mouth-organ—on which he went to work with such a will that all the court-yard rang with the strains of Offenbach's music.

It was plain from what he had said that this was the boy whom Fray Antonio had promised to send to me; and notwithstanding his uncomplimentary comments upon my laziness, I had taken already a strong liking to him. I waited until he had played through the sabre song again—to which, as it seemed to me, the ass listened with a slightly critical yet pleased attention—and then I hailed him.

"The lazy Señor Americano is awake at last, Pablo," I called. "Come up hither, and we will talk about the buying of thy rain-coat, and about the buying of the Wise One's beans."

The boy jumped up as though a spring had been let loose beneath him, and his shame and confusion were so great that I was sorry enough that I had made my little joke upon him.

"It is all right, my child," I said, quickly, and with all the kindness that I could put into my tones. "Thou wert talking to the Wise One, not to me—and I have forgotten all that I heard. Thou art come from Fray Antonio?"

"Yes, señor," he answered; and as he saw by my smiling that no harm had been done, he also smiled: and so honest and kindly was the lad's face that I liked him more and more.

"Patience for yet a little longer, Wise One," he said, turning to the ass, who gravely wagged his ears in answer. And then the boy came up the stair to the gallery, and so we went to my room that I might have talk with him.

It was not much that Pablo had to tell about himself. He was a Guadalajara lad, born in the Indian suburb of Mexicalcingo—as his musical taste might have told me had I known more of Mexico—who had drifted out into the world to seek his fortune. His capital was the ass—so wise an ass that he had named him El Sabio. "He knows each word that I speak to him, señor," said Pablo, earnestly. "And when he hears, even a long way off, the music that I make upon the little instrument, he knows that it is from me the music comes, and calls to me. And he loves me, señor, as though he were my brother; and he knows that with the same tenderness I also love him. It was the good Padre who gave him to me. God rest and bless him always!" This pious wish, I inferred, related not to the ass but to Fray Antonio.

"And how dost thou live, Pablo?" I asked.

"By bringing water from the Spring of the Holy Children, señor. It is two leagues away, the Ojo de los Santos Niños, and El Sabio and I make thither two journeys daily. We bring back each time four jars of water, which we sell here in the city—for it is very good, sweet water—at three *tlacos* the jar. You see, I make a great deal of money, señor—three *reales* a day! If it were not for one single thing, I should soon be rich."

That riches could be acquired rapidly on a basis of about twenty-seven cents, in our currency, a day struck me as a novel notion. But I inquired, gravely: "And this one thing that hinders thee from getting rich, Pablo, what is it?"

"It is that I eat so much, señor," Pablo answered, ruefully. "Truly, it seems as though this belly of mine never could be filled. I try valiantly to eat little and so to save my money. But my belly cries out for more and yet more food—and so my money goes. Although I make so much, I can scarcely save a *medio* in a whole week, when what El Sabio must have and what I must have is paid for. And I am trying so hard to save just now, for before the next rainy season comes I want to own a rain-coat. But for a good one I must pay seven *reales*. The price is vast."

"What is a rain-coat, Pablo?"

"The señor does not know? That is strange. It is a coat woven of palm leaves, so that all over one it is as a thatch that the rain cannot come through. What I was saying just now to El Sabio—" Pablo stopped suddenly, and turned aside from me in a shamefaced way, as he remembered what he also had said to El Sabio about my laziness.

"—Was that out of the wages I am to pay thee thou canst save enough money to buy thy coat with," I said, quickly, wishing to rid him of his confusion. And then we fell to talking of what these wages should be, and of how he was to help me to gain a speaking knowledge of his native tongue—for so far we had spoken Spanish together—and of what in general would be his duties as my servant. That El Sabio could be anything but a part of the contract seemed never to cross Pablo's mind; and so presently our terms were concluded, and I found myself occupying the responsible relation of master to a mouth-organ playing boy and an extraordinarily wise ass. It was arranged that both of these dependents of mine should accompany me in my expedition to the Indian villages; and to clinch our bargain I gave Pablo the seven *reales* wherewith to buy his rain-coat on the spot.

I was a little surprised, two days later, when we started from Morelia on our journey into the mountains to the westward, to find that Pablo had not brought his much-desired garment; though, to be sure, as the rainy season still was a long way off, there was no need for it. He hesitated a little when I questioned him about it, and then, in a very apologetic tone, said: "Perhaps the señor will forgive me for doing so ill with his money. But indeed I could not help it. There is an old man, his name is Juan, señor, who has been very good to me many times. He has given me things to put into this wretchedly big belly of mine; and when I broke one of my jars he lent me the money to buy another with, and would take from me again only what the jar cost and no more. Just now this old man is sick—it is rheumatism, señor—and he has no money at all, and he and his wife have not much to eat, and I know what pain that is. And so—and so— Will the señor forgive me? I do not need the rain-coat now, the señor understands. And so I gave Juan the seven *reales*, which he will pay me when he gets well and works again; and should he die and not pay me— Does the señor know what I have been thinking? It is that rain-coats really are not very needful things, after all. Without them one gets wet, it is true; but then one soon gets dry again. But truly"—and there was a sudden catching in Pablo's throat that was very like a sob—"truly I did want one."

When Pablo had told this little story, I did not wonder at the esteem in which Fray Antonio held him; and from that time onward he had a very warm place in my heart. And I may say that but for his too great devotion to his mouth-organ—for that boy never could hear a new tune but that he needs must go at once to practising it upon his beloved "instrumentito" until he had mastered it—he was the best servant that man ever had. And within his gentle nature was a core of very gallant fearlessness. In the times of danger which we shared together later, excepting only Rayburn, not one of us stood face to face and foot to foot with death with a steadier or a calmer bravery; for in all his composition there did not seem to be one single fibre that could be made to thrill in unison with fear. Of his qualities as a servant I had a good trial during the two months that we were together in the mountains—in which time I got enough working knowledge of the Indian dialects to make effective the knowledge that I had gained from books—and I was amazed by the quickness that he manifested in apprehending and in supplying my wants and in understanding my ways.

As to making any serious study of Indian customs—save only those of the most open and well-known sort—in this short time, I soon perceived that the case was quite hopeless. Coming from Fray Antonio, whose benevolent ministrations among them had won their friendship, the Indians treated me with a great respect and showed me every kindness. But I presently began to suspect, and this later grew to be conviction, that because my credentials came from a Christian priest I was thrust away all the more resolutely from knowledge of their inner life. What I then began to learn, and what I learned more fully later, convinced me that these Indians curiously veneered with Christian practices their native heathen faith: manifesting a certain superstitious reverence for the Christian rites and ceremonies, yet giving sincere worship only to their heathen gods. It was something to have arrived at this odd discovery, but it tended only to show me how difficult was the task that I had set myself of prying into the secrets of the Indians' inner life.

Indeed, but for an accident, I should have returned to Morelia no wiser, practically, than when I left it. But by that turn of chance, fortune most wonderfully favored me, and with far-reaching consequences. It was on the last afternoon of my stay in the village of Santa María; and the beginning of my good-luck was that I succeeded in walking out upon the mountain-side alone. My walk had a decided purpose in it, for each time that I had tried to go in this direction one or another of the Indians had been quickly upon my heels with some civil excuse, about the danger of falling among the rocks, for leading me another way. How I thus succeeded, at last, in escaping from so many watchful eyes I cannot say; but luck was with me, and I went on undisturbed. The sharply sloping mountain-side, very wild and rugged, was strewn with great fragments of rock, which had fallen from the heights above; and which, lying there for ages beneath the trees, had come to be moss-grown and half hidden by bushes and fallen leaves. In the dim light that filtered through the branches, walking in so uncertain a place was attended with a good deal of danger; for not only was there a likelihood of falls leading to broken legs, but broken necks also were an easy possibility by the chance of a slip upon the mossy edge of one or another of the many ledges, followed by a spin through the air ending suddenly upon the jagged rocks below. Indeed, so ticklish did I find my way that I began to think that the Indians had spoken no more than the simple truth in warning me against such dangers, and that I had better turn again while light remained to bring me back in safety. And just as I had reached this wise conclusion my feet slid suddenly from under me on the very edge of one of the ledges, and over I went into the depth below.

Fortunately I fell not more than a dozen feet or so, and my fall was broken by a friendly bed of leaves and moss. When I got to my feet again, in a moment, I found myself in a narrow cleft in the rocks; and I was surprised to see that through this cleft ran a well-worn path. All thought of the danger that I had just escaped from so narrowly was banished from my mind instantly as I made this discovery; and full of the exciting hope that I was about to find something which the Indians most earnestly desired to conceal, I went rapidly and easily onward in the direction that I had been pressing toward with so much difficulty along the rocky mountain-side. The course of this sunken path, I soon perceived, was partly natural and partly artificial. It went on through clefts such as the one that I had fallen into, and through devious ways where the fragments of fallen rock, some of them great masses weighing many tons, had been piled upon each other in most natural confusion, so as to leave a narrow passage in their depths. And all this had been done in a long past time, for the rocks were thickly coated with moss; and in one place, where a watercourse crossed the path, were smoothed by water in a way that only centuries could have accomplished. So cleverly was the concealment effected, the way so narrow and so irregular, that I verily believe an army might have scoured that mountain-side and never found the path at all, save by such accident as had brought me into it.

For half a mile or more I went on in the waning light, my heart throbbing with the excitement of it all, and so came out at last upon a vast jutting promontory of rock that was thrust forth from the mountain's face eastwardly. Here was an open space of an acre or more, in the centre of which was a low, altar-like structure of stone. At the end of the narrow path, being still within its shelter, I stopped to make a careful survey of the ground before me; for I realized that in what I was doing death stood close at my elbow, and that, unless I acted warily, he surely would have me in his grasp. Coming out of the shadows of the woods and the deeper shadows of the sunken path to this wide open space, where the light of the brilliant sunset was reflected strongly from masses of rosy clouds over all the eastern sky, I could see clearly. In the midst of the opening, not far from the edge of the stupendous precipice, where the bare rock dropped sheer down a thousand feet or more, was a huge bowlder that had been cut and squared with ineffective tools into the rude semblance of a mighty altar. The well-worn path along which I had come told the rest of the story. Here was the temple, having for its roof the great arch of heaven, in which the Indians, whom the gentle Fray Antonio believed to be such good Christians, truly worshipped their true gods; even as here their fathers had worshipped before them in the very dawning of the ancient past.

A tremor of joy went through me as I realized what I had found. Here was positive proof of what I had strongly but not surely hoped for. The Aztec faith truly was still a living faith; and it followed almost certainly that, could I but penetrate the mystery with which it was hedged about so carefully by them still faithful to it, I would find all that I sought, of living customs, of coherent traditions, wherewith to exhibit clearly to the world of the nineteenth century the wonderful social and religious structure that the Spaniards of the sixteenth century had blotted out, but had not destroyed. What my fellow-archæologists had accomplished in Syria, Egypt, and Greece was nothing to what I could thus accomplish in Mexico. At the best, Smith, Rawlinson, Schliemann, had done no more than stir the dust above the surface of dead antiquity; but I was about to bring the past freshly and brightly into the very midst of the present, and to make antiquity once more alive!

As I stood there in the dusk of the narrow pathway, while the joy that was in my heart swelled it almost to bursting, there came to my ears the low moaning of one in pain. The faint, uncertain sound seemed to come from the direction of the great stone altar. To discover myself in that place to any of the Indians, I knew would end my archæological ambition very summarily; yet was I moved by a natural desire to aid whoever thus was hurt and suffering. I stood irresolute a moment, and then, as the moaning came to me again, I went out boldly into the open space, and crossed it to where the altar was. As I rounded the great stone I saw a very grievous sight: an old man lying upon the bare rock, a great gash in his forehead from which the blood had flowed down over his face and breast, making him a most ghastly object to look upon; and there was about him a certain limpness that told of many broken bones. He turned his head at the sound of my footsteps, but it was plain that the blood flowing into his eyes had blinded him, and that he could not see me. He made a feeble motion to clear his eyes, but dropped his partly raised arm suddenly and with a moan of pain. I recognized him at a glance. He was the Cacique, the chief, and also, as I had shrewdly guessed, the priest of the village—the very last person whom I would have desired to meet in that place.

"Ah, thou art come to me at last, Benito!" he said, speaking in a low and broken voice. "I have been praying to our gods that they would send thee to me—for my death has come, and it is needful that the one secret still hidden from thee, my successor, should be told. I was on the altar's top, and thence I fell."

I perceived in what the Cacique said that there was hope for me. He could not see me, and he evidently believed that I was the second chief of the village, Benito—an Indian who had talked much with me, and the tones of whose voice I knew well. Doubtless my clumsy attempt to simulate the Indian's speech would have been detected quickly under other circumstances, but the Cacique believed that no other man could have come to him in that place; and his whole body was wrung with torturing pains, and he was in the very article of death. And so it was, my prudence leading me to speak few and simple words, and my good-luck still standing by me, he never guessed whose hands in his last moments ministered to him.

As I raised his head a little and rested it upon my knee, he spoke again, very feebly and brokenly: "On my breast is the bag of skin. In it is the Priest-Captain's token, and the paper that shows the way to where the stronghold of our race remains. Only with me abides this secret, for I am of the ancient house, as thou art also, whence sprung of old our priests and kings. Only when the sign that I have told thee of—but telling thee not its meaning—comes from heaven, is the token to be sent, and with it the call for aid. Once, as thou knowest, that sign came, and the messenger, our own ancestor, departed. But there was anger then against us among the gods, and they suffered not his message to be delivered, and he himself was slain. Yet was the token preserved to us, and yet again the sign from heaven will come. And then—thou knowest—" But here a shiver of pain went through him, and his speech gave place to agonizing moans. When he spoke again, his words were but a whisper. "Lay me—in front of—the altar," he said. "Now is the end."

"But the sign? What is it? And where is the stronghold?" I cried eagerly, forgetting in the intense excitement of this strange disclosure my need for reticence, and forgetting even to disguise my voice. But my imprudence cost me nothing. Even as I spoke, another shiver went through the Cacique's body, and as there came from his lips, thereafter forever to be silent, a sound, half moan, half gasp, his soul went out from him, and he was at rest.

When a little calmness had returned to me, I took from his breast the bag of skin—stained darkly where his blood had flowed upon it—and then tenderly and reverently lifted his poor mangled body and laid it before the altar. And so I came back along the hidden path, safely and unperceived, to the village: leaving the dead Cacique there in the solemn solitude of that great mountain-top, whereon the dusk of night was gathering, alone in death before the altar of his gods.

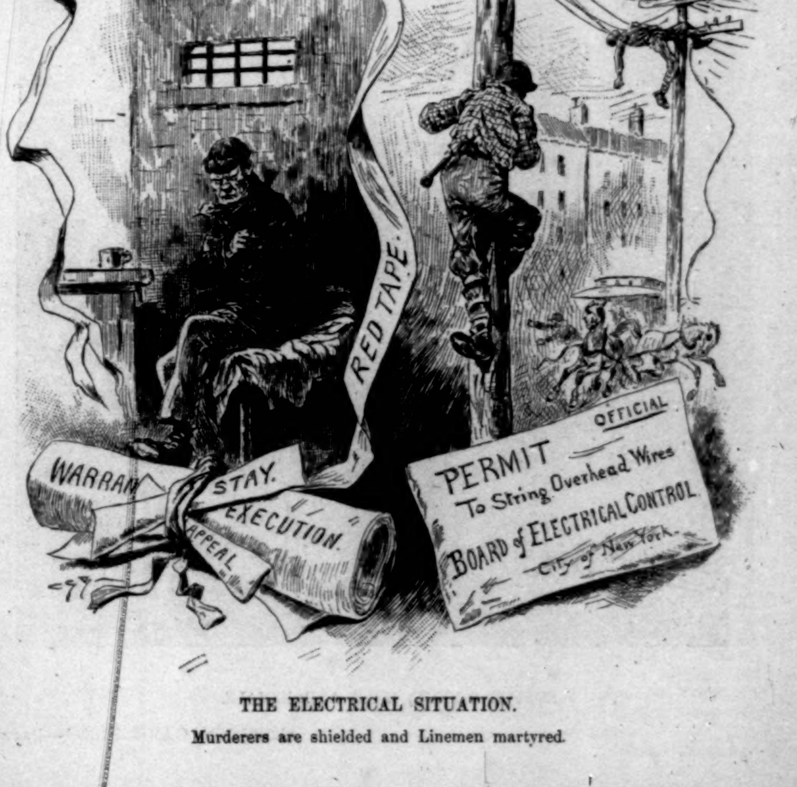
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CARPE DIEM!

PEAN now! the year is ended—
The lagging year!
By Fear and Hope attended—
Hope, chained to Fear.
Its balm was joined with smarting,
Its smile, the sign of parting,
Its flagon smacked of brine,
Yet trust another pawn to fate,
And tell me you'll be mine.

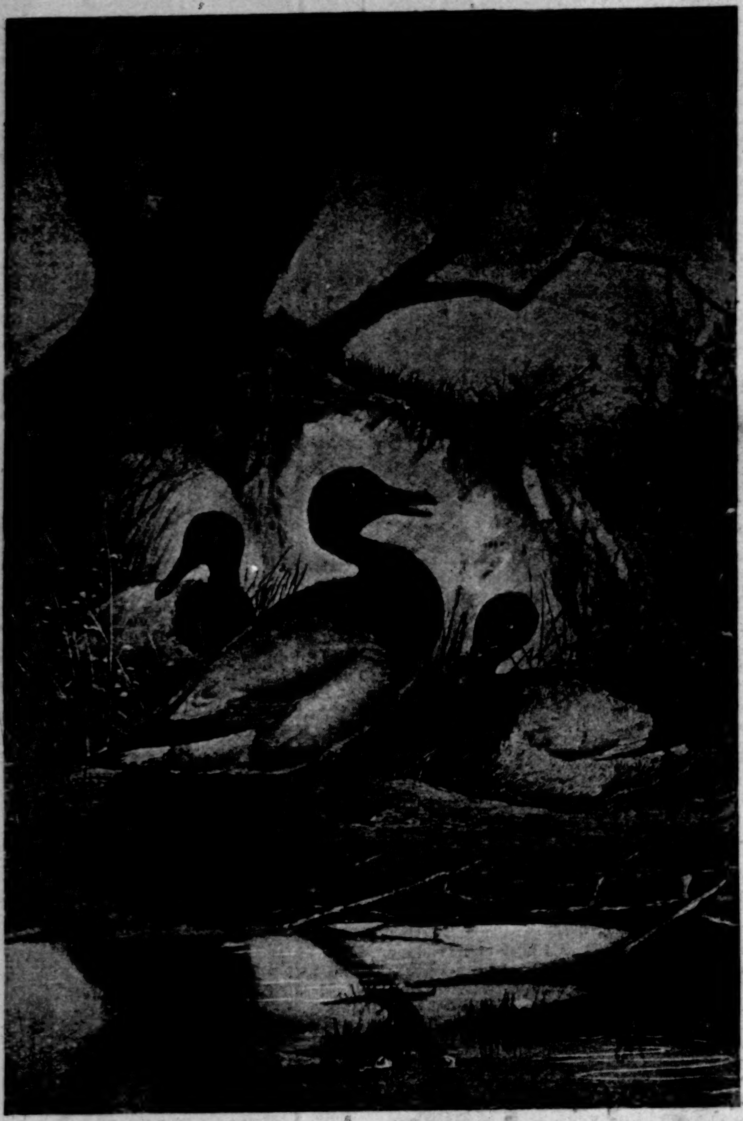
What promise can I make you?
What can I say?
New storms will overtake you,
Strive as I may.
The joy is mixed with sighing,
The laughter runs to crying,
And thus the years decline,
Yet kiss the rainbow round the cup,
And tell me you'll be mine!

DORA READ GOODALE.

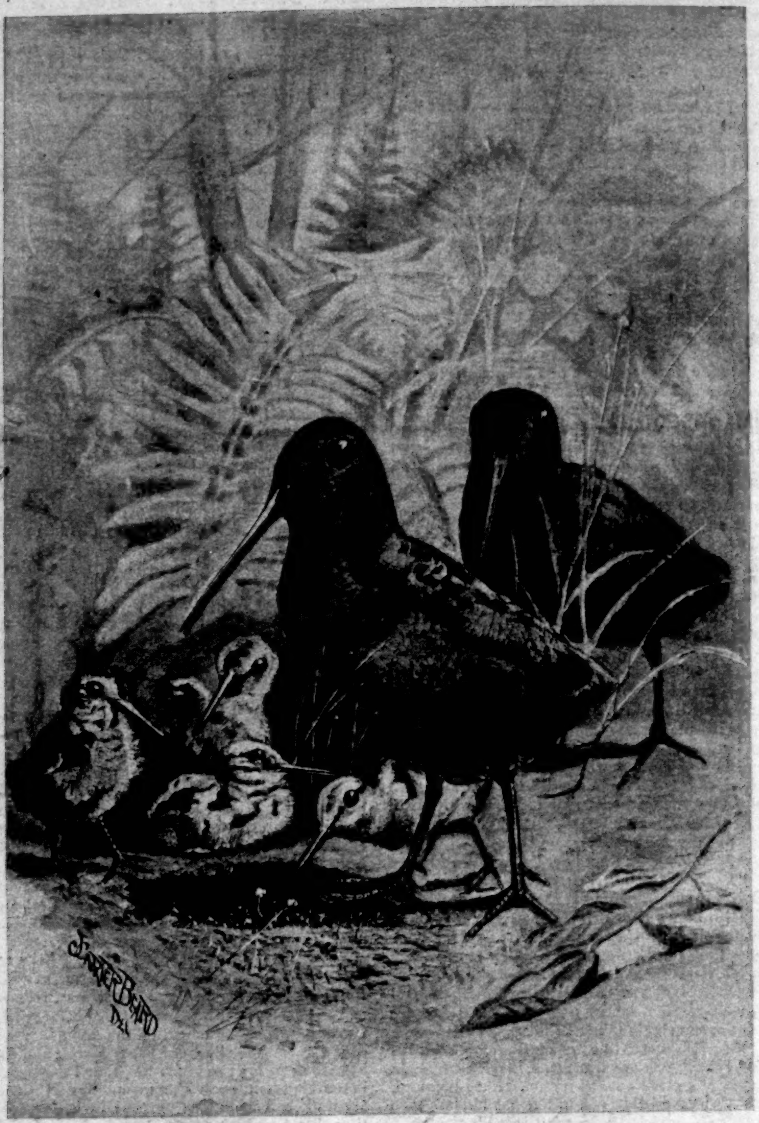


THE ELECTRICAL SITUATION.

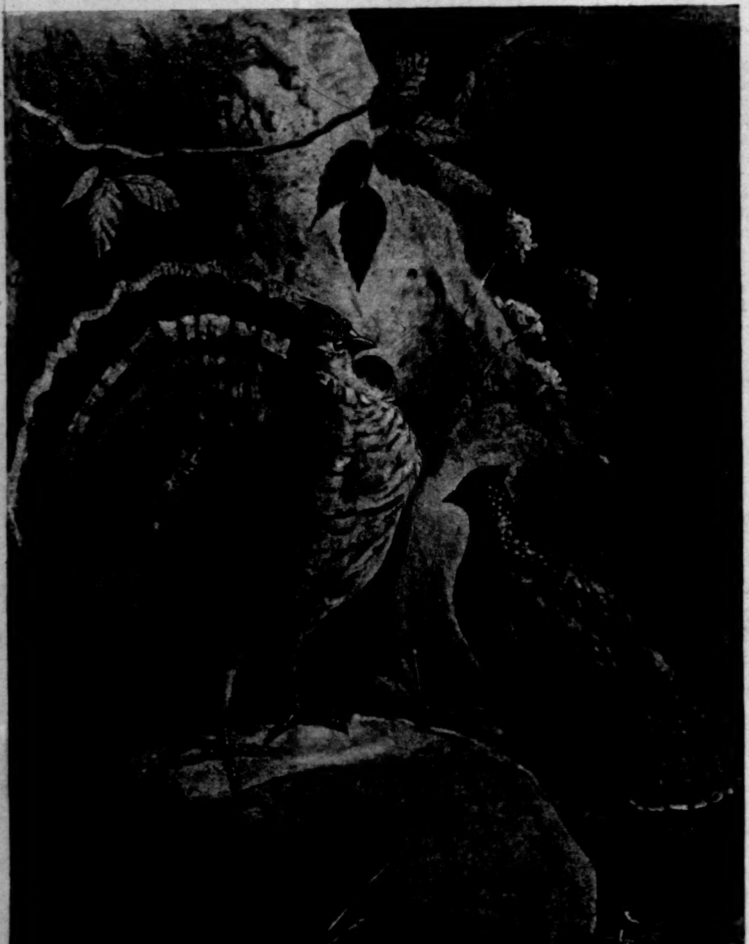
Murderers are shielded and Linemen martyred.



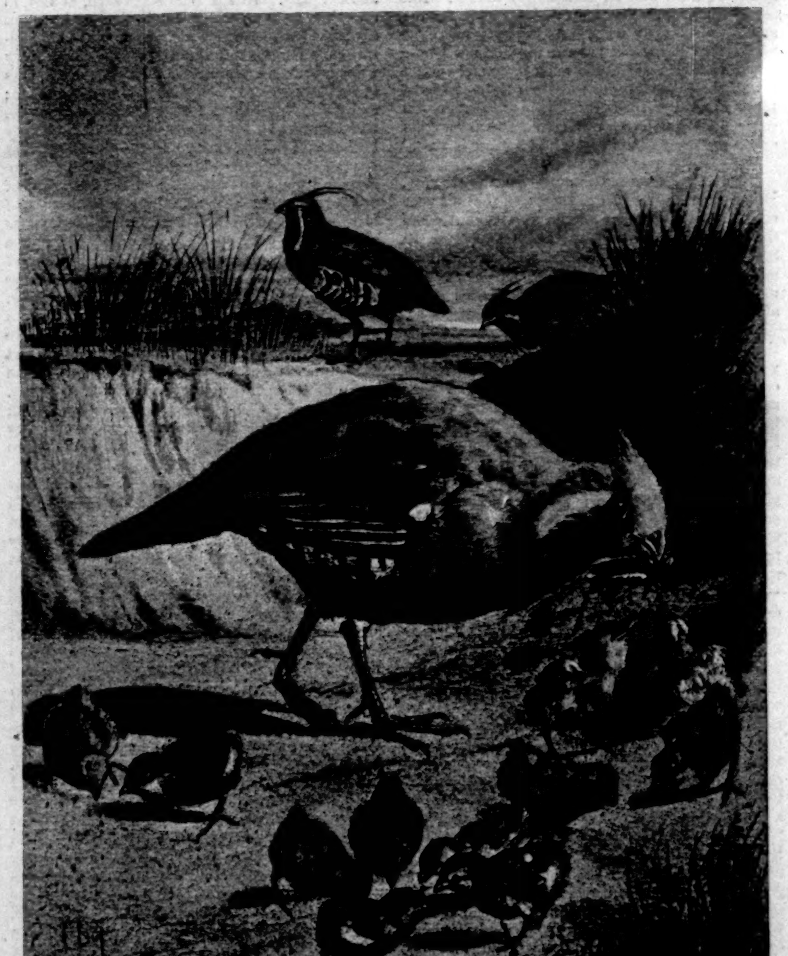
CANVAS-BACK DUCKS.



WOODCOCK.

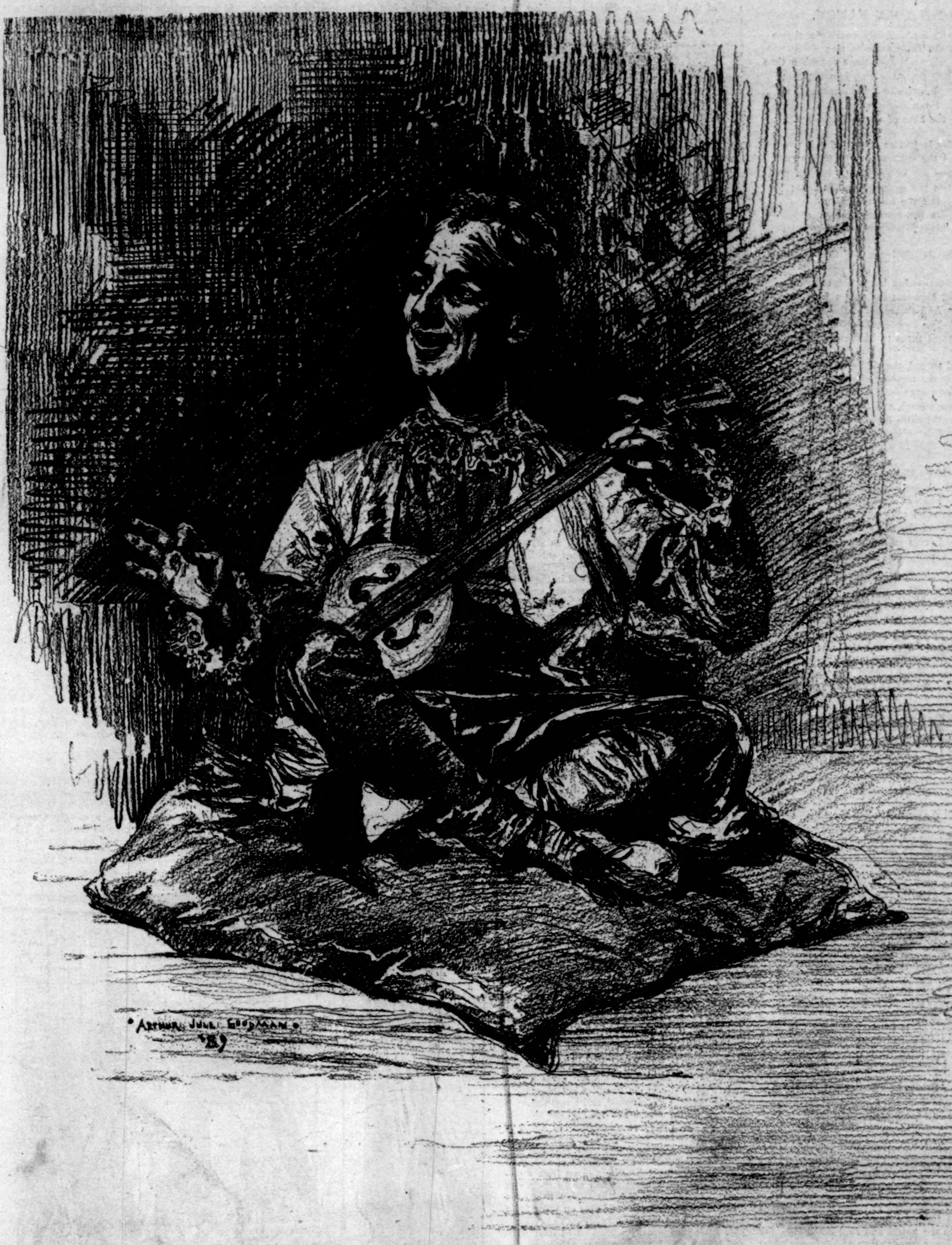


RUFFED GROUSE, MALE AND FEMALE.



PLUMED PARTRIDGE ("MOUNTAIN QUAIL").

AMERICAN GAME BIRDS.—Drawn by J. Carter Beard.—[See Page 1022.]



FRANCIS WILSON IN "THE OOLAH."—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY ARTHUR J. GOODMAN.

FRANCIS WILSON.

AS singing comedian Francis Wilson has long been a New York favorite. He depended chiefly as a younger man upon his agility and his magnetic personality. As Caddy in *Erminie* his work began to show evidences of serious study, and through that impersonation he attained national popularity, and the rank of artist. It is the misfortune of the average American singing comedian that, instead of subordinating his personality, he makes it his all-sufficient attraction. Blind to the requirements of art and the necessity of study, it is impossible for him to advance. In improving upon his type, Mr. Wilson is in some degree a pioneer, and it is not impossible that we may some day have a much-needed school of singing comedians, of which Mr. Wilson will have been the founder—a school analogous to that of France, where there are to-day the most artistic and marvellously accomplished singing comedians in the world.

Although Mr. Wilson has relatively achieved distinction, he may be said now, at the age of thirty-six, to have little more than entered upon his career. Although his achievements are worthy, he is made even more interesting by reason of his promise. We like to look ahead. Young, brainy, and industrious, we see through the artist that is, a very much greater one that may be. At present we enjoy his self-forgetfulness in his work, his close attention to details, the breadth and carrying power of his story-telling pantomime. And the discretion with which he refrains from making a well-taken point odious by over-elaboration is admirable beyond all things. Yet the day is doubtless near at hand when he will not wish to gain applause by falling to the floor with his *fiancée* in his arms, as at the close of the first act of *The Oolah;* or by making his clever by-play so strong as to obliterate the soprano solo, as occurs in the second act; or by such meaningless pushing and pulling as is indulged in with Bampoora throughout the piece. These mistakes are unworthy a man whose gifts so peculiarly fit him for legitimate success. His singing is excellent; his enunciation felicitously distinct; his sonorous speaking voice is grateful to the ear, and leaves a pleasant afterthought when the laughter provoked by his pithy phrasing has died away. Singers of all ranks have a way of becoming more or less embarrassed when it is time to speak; above all other singing comedians does Francis Wilson excel in the scholarly delivery of spoken lines.

What need has such a man to resort to a meaningless gyration to point a phrase? Yet, far be it from the writer to say to the inimitable expressiveness of those legs, "Be still!". Rather would it be appropriate to caution, "Move not without a meaning, since it is in your power to mean so much." There has, perhaps, never been a comedian whose dancing has been so wonderfully graceful and yet so full of expression in purest comedy vein. Witness the delightful burlesque of the English dancers in the second act of *The Oolah*, or the humor of the minuet in *Erminie.*

Although Francis Wilson lacks the rounded artistic completeness of the best French artists of his class, it is greatly to his advantage and ours that he also lacks their more than occasional suggestiveness. As a manager, he is to be commended for the same disposition. Whatever there may be of graceful or attractive femininity in *The Oolah* is incidental to the requirements of the performance, and held subservient to it. For the first time a comedian rules by pure comedy in a country whose laws have hitherto been the opposite of salique. For this relief the public, surfeited with accumulated battalions of shape and suggestiveness, returns a mighty vote of thanks.

MINNIE BUCHANAN GOODMAN.

AN IDLE FANCY.

I SAT with my soul, idly weaving a rhyme
As the fancy came to me;
And I said: Sad soul, there cometh a time
When the stars drop into the sea;
When they lie like gems
From diadems
In the blue of the midnight sea.

The daisy is just as it was of old,
And the sunflower turns to the sun;
And there lies in the west a land of gold
When the summer's day is done;
But the bud that blew
In the morning dew
At night is withered and gone.

And what is life but a leaf that grows
On the tip of an idle spray?
And beauty—what but a red, red rose
That blossoms for only a day?
And the red that tips
The sweetest lips
Soonest turns to leaden gray.

Ah, soul so sad, the riddle canst guess,
Why the rainbow after the rain
Our human eyes doth a moment bless,
Then waneth and fadeth again?
Why life doth seem
But an idle dream
That ends in a cry of pain?

Of the things that are, my soul replied,
God knoweth the how and when;
And the roses of June have only died
That roses may come again;
And the day that dies
Leaves golden skies
As a promise of morrow to men.

BIRDS FOR THE EPICURE.

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL.

As a duck for the table, the canvas-back is *facile princeps.* There have been found persons on the wrong side of the Atlantic, perhaps honest, but surely ill-constructed, who assert that an old English apple is as good as any Albemarle pippin or Rhode Island greening—perhaps better; who exhibit their boldness by alleging a preference for their own bacon over that of Cincinnati; and even have the hardihood to declare that to their taste a Colchester "native" is a better oyster than one that passed the peaceful days of his youth in the quiet waters of Lynnhaven Bay or along the sandy shore of Blue Point. Such persons do exist, along with other unfortunates; but no man even partly in possession of his senses ever denied the superiority of the canvas-backed duck.

A beneficent providence has assigned this bird wholly to America; and perhaps it was because Columbus had read or heard of it from some Icelandic source that he was so indomitably eager to reach the shores of the Western Hemisphere. It is reported that there is a line in an old Saga which seems to indicate that Erik the Red was given honors equivalent to being made a peer of the realm because on his return from Vinland he took home to his king a quantity of these luscious birds preserved in ice. Who knows but the English title *Duke* is a corruption of some such title as "Lord of the Ducks," conferred upon Red Erik? But the passage is obscure, and it will not do for cautious scholars to predicate too much upon it.

This royal bird is a great wanderer. In summer it wends its way on strong pinions to the fens of those great rivers that sweep down to the Arctic Sea and Hudson Bay, or seeks equal coolness and retirement among the high Sierras of Oregon and British Columbia. The early frosts of that wintry region start them southward, and by the 1st of November the vanguard of their flight appears upon the Great Lakes and the heads of our inland rivers, and the ducks rapidly spread over the whole southern half of the country as the advancing winter presses on behind them. They do not like the sea-shore so well as fresher waters, though a few linger about large estuaries, such as the Great South Bay of Long Island. The saline marshes of New Jersey and the flooded flat lands beside the Delaware are more favored resorts; but it is in the waters and submerged meadows along the lower Susquehanna and Potomac rivers and skirting Chesapeake Bay that they most abound, and it is there that canvas-back shooting is the prime sport.

No one knew these birds better, nor has any one more graphically described their ways, than the immortal Wilson; but no longer can they be said, as in his day, to "assemble in such multitudes as to cover several acres of the river." Yet enough remain to furnish excellent sport, and to permit the market gunners to keep well supplied the larders of those who are willing to pay a good price for their delicacies. As was mentioned in an earlier article of this series, the red-head, owing to his resemblance to the canvas-back, is often sold under the former's name, and the deception is never discovered, or, at any rate, lamented, since the red-head feeds upon the same fragrant and fattening weeds, and its flesh is little inferior in tenderness or taste.

The canvas-backs are generally found in winter near the head of the tidal inlets, where the wild-celery (a *Vallisneria*), or fresh-water eel-grass, grows in eight or ten feet of water. The root of this is white, and looks something like celery, and this the canvas-back gets by diving and pulling it up. The stems, which float to the surface, are taken by the red-heads, who indolently wait there to seize them, and who are accused of even robbing the industrious canvas-backs of the roots of the plants, which they are unable or unwilling to dive after themselves. It is only where this plant grows that the canvas-backs are found; and where it is plentiful they assemble in great numbers.

This would seem to make the getting of them a simple task; but, in fact, it is not at all so. The celery meadows are nowhere easily accessible either from dry land or in a boat, which can hardly be pushed through the thick masses of tape-like leaves. The ducks are extremely shy, alert to fly, and excellent swimmers. "When wounded in the wing they dive to such prodigious distances and with such rapidity, continuing it so perseveringly, and with such cunning and active vigor as almost always to render the pursuit hopeless." Hence every wile and stratagem and sportsman-like bit of skill must be used to bring them within range of your gun, and get them after they are fired at.

The canvas-back takes its name from the fact that the white feathers covering the back are crossed with wavy pen lines and dots of black, suggesting the coarse threads in a piece of canvas. The apparent coincidence that a kind of canvas is denominated "duck" is not the reverse of this, for that word comes from a Teutonic root meaning cloth.

Whether the ruffed grouse and the woodcock, both excellent, are *pre-eminent* in competition with foreigners of their class is not so indisputable as is the claim of the canvas-back. The grouse (which is the "partridge" of New England and Canada, and the "pheasant" of the West and South) is not so plentiful as formerly, but still common enough in our woodlands to make it a familiar part of the sportsman's bag in autumn. Those in civilized regions are far more excitable and wary, however, than are the grouse of thinly settled districts. They remain with us all winter, even in the more northerly States, subsisting largely upon buds, but are often driven from the forests by heavy storms to seek food in the stubble fields, or even within the barn-yard and orchard.

The "drumming" of this grouse, heard in April, and an evidence of its love-making, is one of the characteristic sounds of the American woods in spring. You may catch sight of the performer perched upon a resonant log, where he rests upon the back of the tarsi, with tail wide-spread, and ruff expanded in Elizabethan style. "The wings are then raised and stiffened, and drumming commences by a slow hard stroke with both wings downward and forward; but they are stopped before they touch the body. The rapidity of this motion is increased after the first few beats, when the wings move so fast that only a semicircular haze over the bird is visible. This rapid vibration causes the rolling noise with which the sound terminates." I can imagine the curious interest with which the first comers to America must have listened to and tried to interpret this remarkable noise echoing through the woods. It is heard again in the fall, when the males challenge each other to single combat.

Russet-colored, like the dead leaves, in plumage, the grouse trusts mainly to being overlooked, and sits absolutely quiet, until it can no longer endure the strain of nervous apprehension, when it bursts up before your feet like an explosion among the October leaves, and speeds away like a rocket. This is the single instant when the sportsman can take aim, and he brings down the whirring object more by intuitive skill than deliberate gunnery if he hits it at all.

The nest is built usually in the edge of the woods, and is a collection of grasses and leaves holding a dozen or so brown-spotted eggs. The chicks go about with the parents almost as soon as hatched, and are sharp in taking care of themselves from the very first. "The young suddenly disperse on your approach," notes Thoreau, "as if a whirlwind had swept them away, and they so exactly resemble the dried leaves and twigs that many a traveller has placed his foot in the midst of a brood, and heard the whir of the old bird as she flew off, and her anxious calls and mewing, or seen her trail her wings to attract his attention, without suspecting their neighborhood. . . . The young squat still and flat, often running their heads under a leaf, and mind only their mother's directions, given from a distance; nor will your approach make them run again and betray themselves. You may even tread on them, or have your eyes on them for a minute, without discovering them. The remarkable adult yet innocent expression of their open and serene eyes is very memorable."

How many who smilingly nibble woodcock on toast, and perhaps take enough notice of the long bill (which is left by the cook to establish the identity of the expensive morsel) to remember that it is like that of that other delicacy on toast, the snipe, would know the bird if they came upon it in the country, or could be persuaded to follow it to the reeking fens and muddy woods in which it delights?

Yet our woodcock (which is quite different, despite its name, from the large European species) is a resident of every State east of the Missouri River, and remains through the winter wherever the frost does not permanently close all the spring holes. So long as these remain open, so that it can probe the mud for the worms, small crustaceans, and other little animals it finds there, and can now and then snatch a wandering bug or snail above-ground, so long it will stay in the neighboring thickets. Sportsmen are therefore glad to learn that woodcocks have been seen in their district during the summer, or that a nest, with half a dozen of their clay-colored eggs has been found at the foot of a tussock in the marsh, or under the shadow of an odorous skunk-cabbage; for they know they can count upon the same birds remaining there until the young have grown, and the old ones have become fat and vigorous. "And then, ye gods of wood-craft! sylvans and fauns!"—of course it is Frank Forester who is speaking—"and thou, friend of the hunter, Pan! what sport shall we have in brown October, when the sere underbrush is bare of leaves to mar the sportsman's aim; when the cool dewy earth sends up the odor of the game in fresh streams to the setter's keen and sagacious nose; when the pure air braces the nerves and fans the brow, delicious; when the full-grown, white-fronted, pink-legged cock springs up—not fluttering feebly now, and staggering stupidly into the muzzle of the gun, to drop again within twenty yards, but on a vigorous and whistling pinion, with sharp-piping alarm-note, swift as a rifle bullet, soaring away through the tree-tops, or darting, devious with abrupt zigzags, among the thick-set saplings!"

The mountain quail is one of the prize birds of the Pacific coast. Its home is in the Sierras of northern California and the Cascades of Oregon, whence it descends to the foot-hill valleys only in the coldest season of midwinter. The limit of coniferous woods may be said to bound its world. It is nowhere common, and chooses rough, chaparral-covered ground, most difficult for the hunter and his dog to work in. Moreover, the bird is plentiful in few districts, if anywhere, is always watchful, and chirping its alarm-note upon the slightest provocation; is a good runner, and skilful in eluding pursuit; and is strong of wing when compelled to resort to that distasteful method of escape. They are therefore difficult to put up, and when a covey is flushed, the birds will rise uncertainly, at intervals, so that only one at a time can ordinarily be seen.

The shooting of this quail is a matter of hard work rather than amusement, therefore, and far more are captured in traps than fall to the gun. Their beautiful plumage and pretty ways made them great favorites with the miners in early days, and few camps in the Sierras were without a good many of these pets, whose gentle *koo-koo-kooé* was the sweetest sound the great wild hills afforded. The trapping was done chiefly by Indians, who have always prized the feathers, particularly the plumes, as ornaments—so much so that they became a sort of circulating medium among the Californian tribes.

Not much is known of the habits of the bird. The nest is placed upon the ground in the neighborhood of timber line, and their eggs are rich cream-color. In the early mornings the coveys come out into the grassy alpine openings to feed, and may be heard calling to one another in clear whistlings, while the mother birds *cluck* to their broods. The seasonal migrations are not north and south, but from the high parts of the range, where the summer is spent, to lower and less snowy levels; while birds on the Nevada and Idaho side cross over to the warmer western slope of the mountains. The flesh is white and good.

The name *Oreortyx pictus* (painted partridge), given to this bird by ornithologists, is more applicable than sometimes happens. The elegance of form and the pattern of dress are seen in the accompanying illustration, which shows the graceful crest plumes, and hints at the sleekness characteristic of this quail. The plumage of the body is r[illegible]ous brown, but the fore parts are grayish l[illegible]lor, with a well-defined throat patch of o[illegible]ge chestnut bordered at the sides with white. On the sides of the head is a conspicuous dark brown stripe. The feathers of the flanks are blackish, each bordered with dingy white, which also margins the shorter wing quills, and on the breast is a patch of chestnut, environed by plumbeous, and leading back to the reddish thighs. The abdomen is white, but the under surface of the short tail is black. Such is the extremely pleasing combination of colors in the silken coats of these demure little highlanders,

> "who live on mountain-peak,
> Yet live low along the ground, beside the grasses meek."

JOHN JOSEPH TOWNSEND.

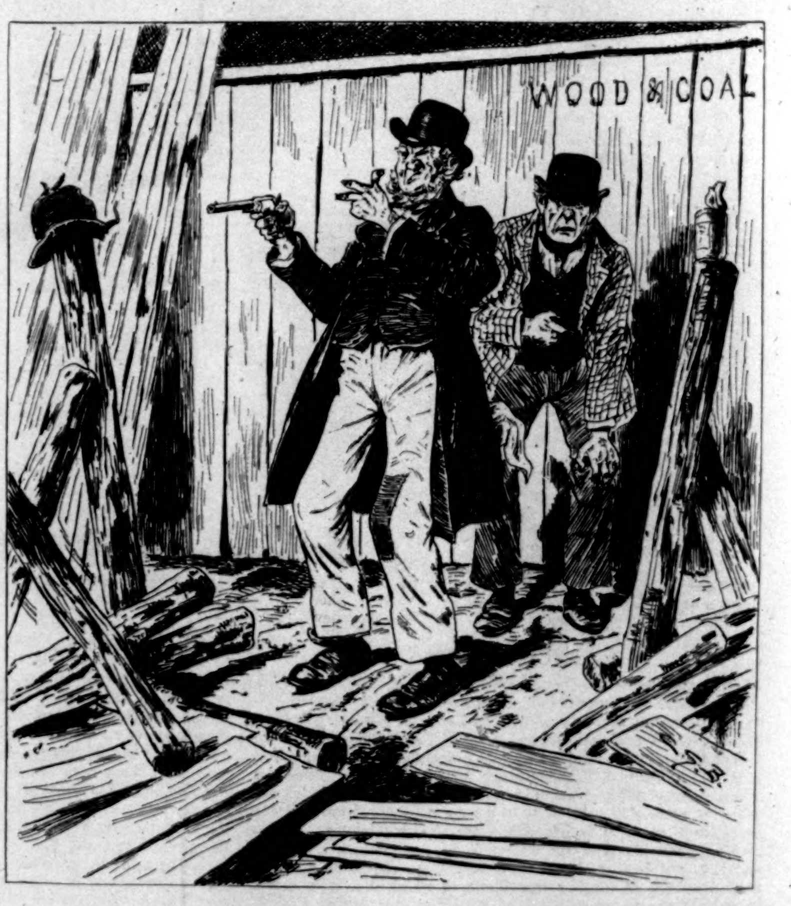
JOHN JOSEPH TOWNSEND, who died at his home on Fifth Avenue December 5th, was one of the best known men in the city. He was a general favorite in society, and at the time of his death was President of the Union Club, of which he had been a member since 1867.

Mr. Townsend was a member of the Townsend family of Oyster Bay, Long Island. He was born in this city in 1825. At the age of sixteen he was graduated from Columbia College with high honors, and was admitted to the bar as soon as he came of age. He was very successful in his profession, but retired some years ago from active practice. In his earlier years Mr. Townsend took an active interest in politics, and was elected as a Whig from the Fifteenth Assembly District in 1850 and 1851. He served in the Assembly as Chairman of the Judiciary Committee—a high honor for a new member.

In 1872 he was appointed by Governor Hoffman as one of the Commission of Thirty-two for revising the Constitution of the State, and took an active part in its deliberations. Since that time he has not engaged actively in politics, but has devoted much time to the question of taxation in this city and Brooklyn. He was a trustee of Columbia College and of the New York Dispensary, and was for thirty-six years a manager of the House of Refuge on Randall's Island—an institution in which he was deeply interested.

The painting of which the portrait given in this number of the WEEKLY is a reproduction is the work of the late Frank Holl, R.A., and was esteemed by him one of his most successful productions. It was first shown in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1888, where it attracted general attention.

Mr. Townsend's health had been poor for a year or more, and it was while returning from Europe on the *Etruria* that he was stricken with the attack of pneumonia that ended his life. In 1854 he was married to Catharine R. Bronson, who, with three sons and a daughter, survives him. His funeral services were held in Trinity Church, December 7th, and were attended by a large number of persons.



GETTING HIS HAND IN.

"Pwhat yez doin', Dennis?"
"Gettin' me hand in fur a place on de perlace. De tin can's a buggler, an' de hat's an inaffensive citizen."
"An' why don't yez foire at de buggler instid av de citizen?"
"Hist, man! I'm doin' what de perlace does."

THE NEW DAY.

Out from the broken calyx of the night
The new day merges with a slow surprise,
And like some new-winged thing with startled eyes,
Rests on the riven sheath ere taking flight.
But as her pulses quicken and grow strong
The purple mists are smitten from her face,
And slowly knowing all its new-born grace
The red pomegranate flushes o'er it throng.
Then up the cloudy way in stately wise,
Thrusting the shadows back with mystic hand,
She rideth slowly through the waiting land.
No thought of yesterday doth dim her eyes,
For lo, the new-born day that rules the earth
Is not a resurrection, but a birth!

Lucy E. Tilley.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF TORPEDO-BOATS.

It is reported from Washington that the Secretary of the Navy is urging Congress to sanction the building of torpedo-boats, and that he is holding up to them as a stimulus the example of foreign nations—from Great Britain all the way down to the toy kingdom of Greece.

If Mr. Tracy succeeds, he will assist in diminishing the present surplus in our Treasury, but so far as strengthening our naval defences is concerned, will discover that he has achieved an object of very questionable utility. The example of England on this subject, if it is worth anything, tells a story that should discourage us from putting a single torpedo-boat in commission, for no other nation has failed so signally to make good use of this much-dreaded arm of the service. The commander of a torpedo-boat will never denounce the craft that carries him, at least to his superiors, but to his friends he will admit frankly that no mistake is more egregious than to treat such boats as serious vessels of destruction or defence at sea. They may, and do often, prove dangerous to their friends on account of the many accidents to which they are liable, but these accidents rarely happen in such a way as to injure the enemy. If Mr. Tracy means seriously to lead Congress into an expenditure of this nature, he should tell them not merely how many torpedo-boats are owned by the several nations of Europe, but also gather information as to what these unfortunate governments think of their purchases.

Last year the British government, in order to test this question, put a couple of dozen torpedo-boats in commission, and an equal number of sea-going war vessels, half of which were to operate against the other, with a view to learning as nearly as possible what might be expected of them in time of war. Our country had no naval attaché present at these manœuvres, nor was any American paper represented—a statement equally applicable to the German naval manœuvres held in the same year.

The first problem presented to the torpedo-boats of Admiral Tryon's squadron was how to get from Portland, in England, to Bantry Bay, in Ireland—a distance of a couple of hundred odd miles. The sea was smooth—at least I call the sea smooth when I can stand my shaving-brush on the wash-stand without danger of its capsizing—and the flag-ship *Hercules* allowed me to do this during the whole time at sea. In this ordinary water the torpedo-boats made such bad weather that they had to slow down to a third of their nominal speed, and reached their destination in a condition calling for more or less repair all round. In fact, by the end of the manœuvres, which lasted somewhat over a month, it would have been difficult to find a torpedo-boat that had not sustained damages from wear and tear. As sea-going vessels, it may be said that the chances are even as to their making port or not—a risk which sailors should not be called upon to take.

The life on board a torpedo-boat is one beside which that of a stoker on an Atlantic liner is effeminate luxury. The boat is under water or in blinding spray so largely that life on deck can only be endured for short periods of time; while below, the heat is so intense that men cannot sleep, and rapidly lose the strength with which they came aboard. Three days is more than enough to use up men on a torpedo-boat if the service is continual; and the officer's lot is very little better—his cabin but a few degrees cooler.

As to the fighting value of torpedo-boats, Admiral Tryon's experience last year is interesting. He had six, and his antagonist blockading him an equal number. These torpedo-boats were kept busy, at night particularly, and had abundant opportunity of using their tubes, and sinking hostile ships by means of their dummy torpedoes. And yet with one exception, possibly two, no torpedo is known to have done any constructive damage during these operations, but many torpedo-boats are known to have aimed at vessels belonging to their own side.

One night, as I was standing on the poop of the *Hercules*, a torpedo-boat loomed up on our port beam so close that it seemed as though I could have tossed a biscuit on her deck; we immediately started a rapid fire upon her, blue-jackets and marines working machine guns and rifles with a vigor that must have sunk her had their cartridges been real. We had no sooner started our fire, however, than I saw a silver streak in the water, accompanied by a swishing sound, as of a rattan whipped in the air. This meant that a torpedo had been launched, and as our big iron-clad hull was broadside to her, our speed six to eight knots, and her distance a scant one hundred yards, no opportunity could have been more favorable for the torpedo, yet it missed us, and passed astern harmless. Nor was I surprised at it, for whenever I was so fortunate as to be present at torpedo practice on any man-of-war, some reason always existed for this deadly weapon rushing at a tangent or plunging headlong into the water, possibly to turn up under the hull of your own boat.

As rough-water boats they are distinctly failures; they would not do in Long Island Sound, nor in the Lower Bay either, if the weather were in any degree such as to kick up a little sea; and to an equal degree would they be unprofitable in Narragansett Bay, Massachusetts Bay, or on the great lakes.

It remains to be asked where are they of service? And torpedo-boat-makers will readily answer that they do well in smooth water. But smooth water means that their operations are to be confined to within gunshot of shore batteries, and that they are to be restricted to a class of work equally well performed by launches. Under these conditions torpedo-boats become stripped of a large part of even their theoretical value, and the next naval war will demonstrate that in this whole matter Cushing, with his spar torpedo, remains still the only real terror to the enemy.

Poultney Bigelow.

ROBERT BROWNING.

The death of Robert Browning on December 12th deprives English literature of one of its two greatest contemporary poets. Though the devotees of his muse are not as numerous as those who worship at the shrine of Tennyson, their enthusiasm perhaps compensates for lack of numbers. Browning was born in Camberwell, a London suburb, May 7, 1812, and inherited his poetical gift from his father. As the family were Dissenters, Robert did not enter Oxford nor Cambridge, but finished his education at University College, London, where, however, he did not take a degree. Family circumstances permitted the young man a moderate income, and after leaving college he spent a year or two in travel. Browning's poetic bent, manifest at an early age, as has been the experience of most great poets, had produced, even at the age of thirteen, a considerable body of manuscript. Byron was succeeded by Shelley and Keats as models; but fortunately these earlier productions were never published. It was not till the young singer was twenty (1833) that his genius first sought a public in "Pauline: a Fragment of a Confession." A strong individuality was patent even in this youthful attempt, and it was greatly admired in after-years by Dante G. Rossetti. The same year Browning went abroad, and began that acquaintance with and passion for Italy which so powerfully colored the poetry of both himself and his gifted wife. In 1835 we find him busy in literary work in London, and his drama of *Paracelsus* was then published. It was decidedly a success of esteem, and though not otherwise great, it made him discussed among literary circles. Even at this early age the bent of his genius toward the more subtile and philosophical sides of life declared itself.

The dramatic vigor of *Paracelsus* induced Macready, the great actor, to propose a stage production to the young author, and the result was *Strafford*, a five-act tragedy, produced at Covent Garden in 1837, with Macready in the principal character. In later years came *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon* (1843), produced by Macready at Drury Lane, and *Colombe's Birthday* (1852), performed at the Haymarket, neither of which was a success. These plays ended the author's aspirations as a writer for the stage. Recent attempts to revive them justify the first judgment of the public. Browning, though essentially dramatic in his modes of seeing and painting character, was either profoundly indifferent or blind to the conditions necessary to representation on the stage. In spite of the fact that he had written lyric poems of great beauty and directness of expression, "Sordello," published in 1840, anticipated all the obscurity of thought and involution of style which have made some of his later productions poetic puzzles. In 1841 appeared a collection of minor poems, under the title of "Bells and Pomegranates," which were afterward redistributed in later editions.

The poet's marriage with Miss Elizabeth Barrett in 1846 was full of romantic interest. Miss Barrett's name was already a shining star in literature, and the two poets were drawn together by an irresistible magnetism once they were made personally acquainted. The lady, a confirmed invalid of thirty-seven years of age, yielded to the instincts of her heart in spite of the bitter opposition of her father, and the pair made as true a mating as ever occurred this side of paradise by a runaway match. Their honey-moon took them by easy stages through Europe to Italy. In this enchanted land of art and song they remained for fifteen years in the closest union, both domestic and intellectual. For husband and wife it was a period of rich poetic fruitage. Mrs. Browning immortalized her name by "Casa Guidi Windows," "Sonnets from the Portuguese," and "Aurora Leigh." Robert Browning produced during this felicitous period "Christmas Eve and Easter Day" (1850), and "Men and Women" (1855). The latter collection, with some of the most striking poems of an earlier date, included new pieces, marking the most brilliant work of his life—such as "In a Balcony," "The Statue and the Bust," "Old Pictures in Florence," "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha," "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," and "Bishop Blougram's Apology." It is generally conceded that "Men and Women" as a collection indicates the high-water mark of Browning's genius at its best, though special disciples of the Browning cult, carried away by the passion for research, give the preference to his more obscure and mysterious attempts to reconcile poetry with metaphysics. During Mrs. Browning's life husband and wife mutually influenced each other's poetic art. The wife departed somewhat from the clarity of her earlier writing; the man caught the direct and luminous force of the woman.

Mrs. Browning died at Florence in 1861, and her husband almost immediately returned to London, where his name had become one of the great lights in the literary firmament. His gifts as a poet, supplemented by his remarkable acquirements as a scholar, and his wit and *savoir-faire* as a man of the world, made him a most conspicuous figure in society, as well as in the world of letters, during the rest of his life, which was thenceforth mostly spent in London. "Dramatis Personæ," which had been written in Italy five years before, was published in 1864, and indicated the beginning of Browning's final return to the domain of disquisition in poetry. This was succeeded in 1868 by "The Ring and the Book," which is sanctified by the ardent disciples of the poet as his great masterpiece, though, for ordinary lovers of poetry, it is only redeemed from dreariness by outbursts of splendid passion and power. "Balaustion's Adventure" (1871)—a story of classical framework—signalizes a novel departure, and is made notable by a brilliant translation of the Alkestis of Euripides. Browning followed this adventure in 1875 by a poem under the title of Aristophanes's Apology, being the "Last Adventure of Balaustion," which also contains a translation of Euripides's Herakles. A third translation, the Agamemnon of Æschylus, was issued in 1877, and shared the qualities of its predecessors—great vividness and force with ruggedness of form. Other poems of Browning's latter period marked by his dominant characteristics of obscurity of phrase and subtlety of thought are "Prince Hohenstiel-Schwangau, Savior of Society," a study of the third Napoleon (1871); "Fifine at the Fair" (1872); "Red Cotton Nightcap Country" (1873); "The Inn Album" (1875); "Pacchiarotto," and other poems (1876); "The Two Poets of Croisic" (1878); "Dramatic Idyls" (1879 and 1880); "Jocoseria" (1883); "Ferishtah's Fancies" (1884), and "Parleyings with Certain People of Importance in Their Day" (1887). Browning's poems have gone through many editions both in England and America. A new volume of his poems was to have been issued on the very day of his death. The poet's obscurity of style in his later period, and the desire of discovering esoteric meanings in his difficult phrase, have inspired the labors of innumerable Browning societies on both sides of the water. Mr. Browning's health had been good till last spring, when he had a violent attack of bronchitis. It was the recurrence of this complaint which ended his life at Venice, where he had been staying with his son.

G. T. Ferris.

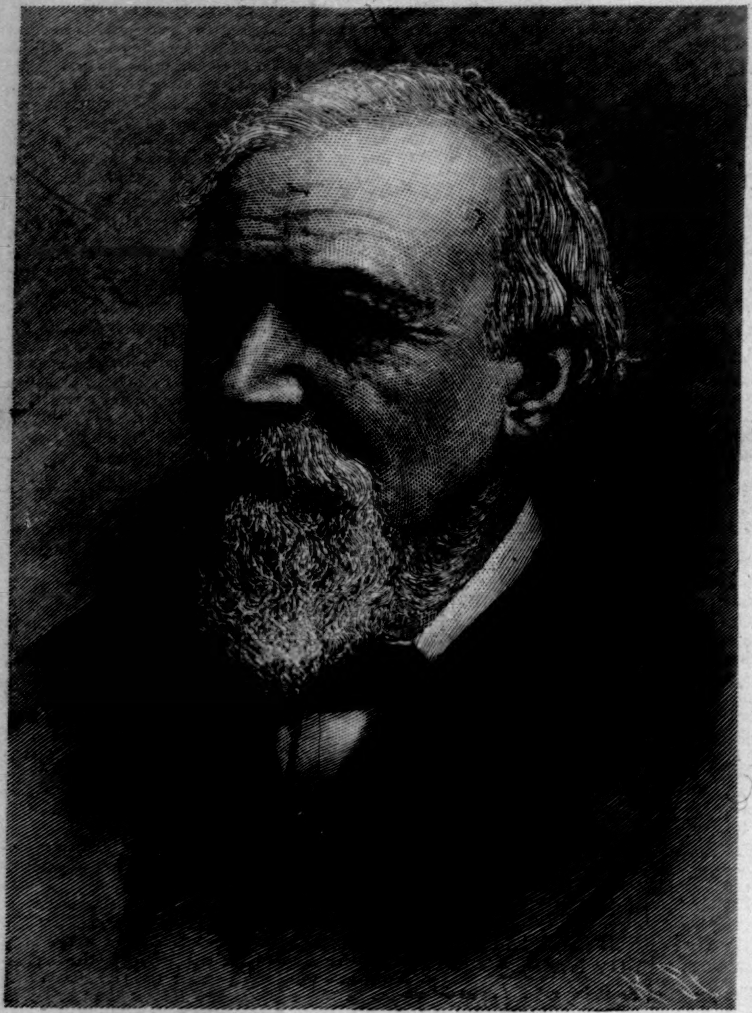
A CRITICAL ESTIMATE OF BROWNING.

The poems of Browning are the most debatable of any and all poetic compositions in the whole range of English verse, and to admire them is no more the proof of a superior mind than to detest them is the proof of an inferior mind. They contain more good and bad qualities than are to be found in the metrical work of any poet whose instrument of expression was, or is, the noble language of Shakespeare and Milton. He was a many-sided man, but he was not the myriad-minded man that his bewildered worshippers proclaimed him in the latter years of his long and busy life. There were the possibilities and occasionally the manifestations of diverse personalities in his nature, but under and over and through all, dominating and imprisoning all, was his own hard, wilful, arrogant, and unchangeable selfhood. He was as conscious of himself as Byron was; but, unlike Byron, who saddened his public with the misanthropy of "Childe Harold," and maddened it with the profligate levity of "Don Juan," his wardrobe was confined to one suit of verbal apparel. He was too determined a mannerist to attain style, or, attaining it at rare intervals, to maintain it, except in such brief pieces as "Artemis Soliloquises," in the first series of his "Dramatic Lyrics" (1842), which is in the grand manner of Landor; or in such compact mediæval studies as "The Tomb at St. Praxed's," in the second series of these "Lyrics" (1845), which is the perfection of the kind of writing that Tennyson had attempted a few years before in "St. Simeon Stylites." The saint falls below the bishop in that his meditations on the tower are merely representative; the bishop rises above the saint in that his death-bed recollections and commands are clearly dramatic. The dramatic art of Browning differs so largely from that of all other English poets as to require an amount of serious study that few readers are able to bestow upon it, and a keenness of perception which is not given to many in this age of obvious feeling and superficial expression. The range of subjects upon which it was exercised embraced many periods and peoples, many moods and experiences, and many emotions of love and hatred which are so uncommon as to require explanation. We find in the first of the "Dramatic Lyrics," already referred to, *Cavalier Tunes*, reproductions of earlier days in Italy and France, of Spanish cloister life, of Venetian life in a gondola, of life in madhouse cells, and of Arab life in the desert. All these are, as the young poet instructed the world forty-seven years ago, "so many utterances of so many imaginary persons," and no two are alike, either in conception or execution, though they resemble one another in their general method and manner. Turning to the second series of these "Lyrics," we are struck by the growth of the poet's powers in the three years that elapsed between the publication of the two series; and the wider and bolder flight of his genius, which, never very doubtful, had now become sure of itself. We find here the incomparable lyric, "How they Brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix"; the exquisite national companion pieces, "Italy in England," and "England in Italy"; "The Lost Leader"—a lament over the political defection of Wordsworth; the later French and Spanish studies, "The Laboratory," "The Confessional," the first part of "Saul"—that noblest of Hebraic revivals—and "The Flight of the Duchess," who was more fortunate in her fate than her lovelier and gentler sister in the first series, "The Lost Duchess." In the poem just named we have a form of dramatic art which Browning was the first to discover and introduce into English verse, the art of self-betrayal in soliloquy, the speaker conveying to the hearer an altogether different impression from the one he meant to convey, condemning himself when he seeks to justify, being at once his advocate, his judge, and his executioner. The element of lyricism, which was so abundant and so lovely in Shakespeare, Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and which was continued with equal grace by other Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Carolian poets, lingered after their departure from the choir of England's singers—silent throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century, finding its voice only in such tender elegies as Collins's "How Sink the Brave?" and such stirring lines as Cowper's monody on "The Loss of the *Royal George*." The inspiration of Burns and the young Campbell, who was the laureate of England's naval battles, and in a lesser degree of Moore and Proctor, it never put forth its native strength until it was sceptered and crowned by Browning in his dramatic lyrics—not only in those of which we have spoken in the "Bells and Pomegranates," but in those which he wrote afterward, and of which the most remarkable was probably the magnificent ballad of "Hervé Riel." His beginning as a poet, in his twenty-first year, in "Pauline," was not to be compared with the beginning of Tennyson, in "Poems chiefly Lyrical," nor was it overpromising in "Paracelsus," which came two years later, or in "Strafford," which followed after a similar period of time. His work was tentative until he produced, in the happiest of all poetic seasons, the unique tragi-comedy of "Pippa Passes," the spiritual conception of which, in the influence exerted over the fortunes of its personages by the artless songs of its innocent heroine, Pippa, was worthy of any poet that ever lived. Nowhere, not even in Shakespeare, can we find a scene of such unbridled power as in the interview between Sebald and Ottima, with which this motley drama of souls begins, nor anything more characteristic than the talk between the mill girls in a later scene. One cannot but feel in reading this revelation of Italian life and manners and passions that the poetic drama of England, which had slumbered since the death of the great Elizabethans, had awakened or was about to awaken. We have a subtler and in some respects a more profound analysis of complicated motives and actions in Browning's next tragedy, *King Victor and King Charles*, but nothing that touches us on the tender human side until we come to *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon*. Idyllic in feeling and tragic in its consequence, *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon* is so exquisite in the ecstasy of love, with which it is steeped, and so pathetic in the sorrow which this love engenders, that one feels as if it had been written by the great pen that wrote *Romeo and Juliet*, which one is willing to forget while reading this sincerer and nobler translation of unconquerable passion and pain. It is as beautiful as youth, as mournful as death. We have said nothing of "Sordello," which was published a year before "Pippa Passes," and about which there is not much to be said except that it is the most incomprehensible poem, if it should be called a poem, that ever a man of genius, even a young man of genius, was seduced into composing. It is not merely tantalizing from its obscurity and prolixity, it is exasperating to the last degree. If its story were worth telling, for Browning assured his readers that it had one—

("Who will may hear Sordello's story told")—

it was spoiled by his manner of telling it in the three or four thousand lines through which it wanders like a subterranean stream. If it was the result of his early Italian learning, his learning had certainly made him mad. "Sordello" marked an epoch in his poetical career, and it was one which was to reappear at a later period, when the sanity which is so conspicuous in "Bells and Pomegranates," in "Dramatis Personæ," and in "Men and Women" was darkened, it would almost seem wilfully, by his constant refusal to recognize and exercise his great gifts in an intelligible way, and by his determined insistence upon the supposititious capacity of his readers. Never, we imagine, an industrious student of language, at any rate not the thorough student that Tennyson was, and never a critical judge of what poetry can and cannot accomplish, he wrote with the rapidity and carelessness of Byron, disdainful of art and regardless of finish. His mind, which was never a lucid or logical one, often lost its hold when he was grappling with difficult subjects, and lost, in consequence, coherency and meaning in the heat of composition. His splendid faculties worked in too many directions at once—a peculiarity which sometimes bewilders us in Shakespeare—and confused his perceptions. The greatest poets give only results, but he gave processes as well as and along with results. Hence his overplus of words and suggestions; hence the involutions and introversions, the abruptness and the irrelevance, of his manner; and hence the difficulty of understanding him in certain moods of his—the difficulty which led to the establishment of Browning societies in England and this country. But there is a better and a greater Browning than we have forgotten in "Sordello;" but are compelled to remember in his "Inn Album," his "Jocoseria," his "Ferishtah," and his "Parleyings," the Browning who wrote "Pippa Passes," *Colombe's Birthday*, *A Blot on the 'Scutcheon*; the Browning who wrote "Fra Lippo Lippi," "Andrea del Sarto," "Caliban on Setebos"; the Browning of "The Pied Piper," of "How they Brought the Good News," of "Evelyn Hope," and other perfect dramatic lyrics. At his best he had no superior among nineteenth-century English poets, and no master in the domain of high dramatic art except the master dramatist of his own land and the master poet of all time.

R. H. Stoddard.



THE LATE ROBERT BROWNING.—[See Page 1023.]

THE LATE JOHN J. TOWNSEND, OF NEW YORK.—From the Painting by the late Frank Holl, R. A.
[See Page 1022.]

"TURNING LOOSE" IN THE FRONTIER SETTLEMENTS.

With the winter comes a time of leisure to the cow-boy on the plains. The routine of summer and autumn work, the arduous labors and exposure of the spring round-up, the range riding, the gathering of the beef cattle and shipping them to the market in the autumn, have ended. Only a few of the men, with the foreman, are retained in employment upon the ranches. The cow-boys who are out of work ride from ranch to ranch, welcome to stay at any place as long as they choose, and sure of the loan of a horse when they see fit to resume their travels.

On the plains east of the Rocky Mountains the period between the middle of December and the middle of January is usually inclement and cold. The genial sunshine that seems a matter of course in these high regions is at this season often obscured by clouds, and the atmosphere is raw and chilly. The mountains have worn their snow-caps since the early November, and among the peaks gather the snow clouds that sweep forth and whiten the plains. Fleeing before the storms, the cattle drift southward. The horses are herded near the ranches. It is at this season that every wild and lawless instinct of the cow-boy seem to have their fullest development, and the spirit of insubordination is imparted to his horse that at the first mounting bucks and rears, and gives his rider a hard struggle for his seat. The air is surcharged with electricity; and during all of the cold season to touch or handle almost any object is to incur the snapping of an electric spark.

The cow-boy, who often has as a morning diversion the breaking-in of a steed, and who regards falls and tumbles as a part of his daily life, when he "turns loose" in town does it in a thorough way. His animation vents itself in shrieks and yells, the firing of the revolver, and the mad gallop. The cow-boy's exploits in the way of capturing a town have been greatly modified in late years through the general enforcement of the laws against the carrying of pistols. There was a time in the old days of the Texan cattle drives when there was much of homicidal violence associated with the life of the cow-boy. In a hotel bar-room in the little town of Cimarron, in New Mexico, twenty-five men have been killed—seven in a single year. The last lynching that occurred in Las Vegas, a place in the same Territory, was the hanging of a cow-boy, Navajo Frank, who, riding out of town after a day's drinking, amused himself by dropping his lasso over the neck of an inoffensive old man, and dragging him a hundred yards at his horse's heels. Several citizens fired on the cow-boy, who at last cut the rope and dashed away. He was followed, captured, and hanged by the Vigilants to the nearest telegraph pole.

With the advent of Christmas the cow-boys from the surrounding ranches gather in the frontier towns. They come on their most fiery horses, and are dressed in their characteristic picturesque costumes. When they have taken drink enough, to become boisterous, there follows the reckless riding and the shouting. They are ever ready for a race, and in the Indian country they sometimes match the speed of their horses with their red brothers of the plains. Their performances are not ordinarily disapproved of by the citizens, and the stir they cause in the little town is regarded, on the whole, as an agreeable diversion. The cow-boy has great contempt for any occupation which he cannot perform on the back of a horse. He is vain of his thin, high-heeled boots, which he believes to look fine in the stirrups, and which are wholly unsuited to walk in. A Texan cow-boy, who was in the cattle country looking for work, rode up to a ranch, the owner of which offered to employ him in the digging of a well.

"Kin I do it a-hossback?" asked the Texan.

"Why, no," responded the astonished ranchman.

"Then I reckon your job won't do for me;" and he turned and rode away.

GRAVE CAUSE FOR ANXIETY

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THE LIMITED FAST MAIL.

The Union Pacific Railway, the Overland Route, has just put on a Limited Fast Mail Train to carry the United States mail between Council Bluffs and San Francisco and Portland. This daily Fast Mail train will carry a limited number of passengers, and in addition to the United States Mail Cars, and a baggage car, will be composed of a Pullman Palace Sleeper and Pullman Dining-Car for Portland, and a Pullman Sleeping-Car for San Francisco, thus accommodating a limited number of passengers.

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E. I. Horsman, 80 and 82 William St., N. Y.—[*Adv.*]

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No Christmas Table should be without a bottle of Angostura Bitters, the renowned Appetizer.—[*Adv.*]

Dr. Lyon's Perfect Tooth Powder. Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25 cents.—[*Adv.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

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THE NILE VALLEY
FROM THE DELTA TO THE GREAT LAKES.

BY COLONEL C. CHAILLÉ-LONG,

FORMERLY OF THE EGYPTIAN ARMY, CHIEF OF STAFF TO GORDON PASHA,

AUTHOR OF "CENTRAL AFRICA: NAKED TRUTHS OF NAKED PEOPLE," ETC.

AFRICA has ever been and seems by some implacable law destined ever to be the land of fable and fiction. In the time long ago a certain King of Egypt, jealous of name and fame, adopted the method of *counting out* his illustrious predecessors by erasing their names from tablet and monument and substituting his own. It has taken a long time to discover the deception practised by Ramses II.; but the *savant* Maspero has finally exposed him, and his *raptos honores* have been awarded to their rightful owners. The obstacles which have filled the path of geographical research in Africa have been rendered almost insuperable by the African story-teller, who, in emulation of the Egyptian, has endeavored to absorb the deeds of others.

Certain it is that we owe much of the mystery which still envelops Africa to the uncertain and incomplete stories told by writers, too often in the interest of a selfish ambition. A recent contribution to African history in this sense, and important only because of the place assigned it in a popular magazine, is in fact a compilation from the writings of those who have contributed chiefly to our knowledge of the Upper Nile. What with certain disingenuous statements and many lapses, the article is misleading, and is a proof of the need of better information on a subject now engaging general attention. As a contribution in this sense, and in order that the record already sealed with authority may not be impaired, the following notes are presented.

I.—THE DELTA.

In the slow but steady advance of the Nile Valley into the Mediterranean Sea, the Delta—so called because of its resemblance to the letter Δ of the Greek alphabet—which once had its apex near the palace of Choubrah, in the environs of Cairo, now begins at the junction of the Rosetta and Damietta branches, twenty-five kilometres below the capital, called by the Arabs *Batn-el-Bahr*—the belly of the river.

Egypt proper is contained within the limits of the narrow valley beginning at the cataracts of Assouan, in 24° 5′ 23″ north, where it has a width of about five kilometres, spreading, as the Nile descends in its sinuous course, to an average of twenty-five to thirty kilometres; it then widens into the fertile plain, the Delta, in length about 175 kilometres, and from Aboukir to the ancient Pelusiac mouth 250 kilometres.

At Cairo the two chains of mountains, the Arabian and Libyan, which envelop the Nile Valley, abruptly terminate; the Arabian forming just behind the citadel what is known as the *Gebel Mokattam*, and the Libyan making a kind of spur, at the base of which stands the Pyramids, where it breaks away to the northwest, and loses itself in the desert sands.

El-Kahirah—for such is the ancient Arabic name of Cairo—is the pearl of all Oriental cities. Situated on the right bank of the Nile, in the extreme south of the Delta, the city extends from the Mokattam hills on the east to the river Nile on the west; the Pharoanic and Aribic art is beautifully blended in its temples and mosques. In the *Thousand and One Nights* a man of Mozul, in reciting the charms of Bagdad as "the city of peace and the mother of the world," receives the following reply from his elder, "My son, he who has not seen the city of Cairo has not seen the world; her soil is gold, her women enchantment, and the Nile a wonder."

Egypt, in fact, is contained not only in the Nile Valley to Assouan, but along the Nile to the great lakes at the equator. It is a political and physical boundary drawn by the hand of nature and sealed with the seal of conquest and treaty, and is therefore a better boundary than the one drawn at Assouan by Lord Dufferin. Mr. Edward Dicey, C.B., in the *Nineteenth Century* for September, in an article entitled "What Next in Egypt?" pertinently remarks:

"The Soudan and Egypt, for good or bad, are inseparably connected by causes independent of dynasties or governments. The Delta owes its wealth and even its existence to the action of the Nile stream. The power which holds Khartoum commands the Nile, and therefore it is a matter of life and death to Egypt that Khartoum and Cairo should be subject to one common dominion."

The river Nile from its sources at the equator—*El Khat el Istiwa*, a real and not an imaginary line in the Arab mind—runs in its sinuous and eccentric ways a distance of quite four thousand miles to its mouths in the Mediterranean. What more beautiful and perfect picture of the river than that which the Arab conqueror Amrou has submitted to the great caliph Omar? He said:

"O Prince of the Faithful! paint to yourself an arid desert and a magnificent country between two mountains! Such is Egypt. All of its productions, all of its riches, from Assouan to Mencha, flow from a blessed river which runs with majesty through the middle of the country. The moment of the rise and fall of its waters is also governed by the course of the sun and moon. There is a fixed period of the year when all the sources of the country come to pay to this king of rivers the tribute which Providence has ordained. Then the waters increase, quit their bed, and cover the whole surface of the country, in order to deposit there productive soil. There is no longer any communication from one village to another except by means of small boats, as numerous as the leaves of the palm-tree. When the waters cease to be necessary to the fertility of the soil, the docile stream returns to the limits which Destiny has prescribed, in order that the treasure which he has hidden in the bosom of the earth may be gathered.

"A people protected by Heaven, and who, like the bee, seem destined to work for others without profiting itself by the fruit of its labor, opens lightly the bowels of the earth, and drops there the seeds from which he awaits the germation of Him who causes the harvests to grow and ripen. The germ develops, the stalk shoots up, the ear is formed by the succor of a dew which takes the place of rains, and which maintains a fecund moisture with which the soil is penetrated, and then to the recent abundant harvest succeeds in turn sterility.

"It is thus, O Prince of the Faithful! that Egypt offers *tour à tour* the image of a sandy desert, a liquid and silver plain, a black and muddy marsh, a green and waving prairie, a parterre ornamented with flowers, and a field covered with golden harvests.

"Three things, O Prince of the Faithful! contribute essentially to the prosperity of Egypt and the happiness of its inhabitants: the first is not to adopt lightly projects born of avidity and tending to increase the taxes; the second, to employ a third of the revenue to maintain the canals, dikes, and bridges; the third, not to levy a tax except in kind upon the fruits which the earth produces. Salut."

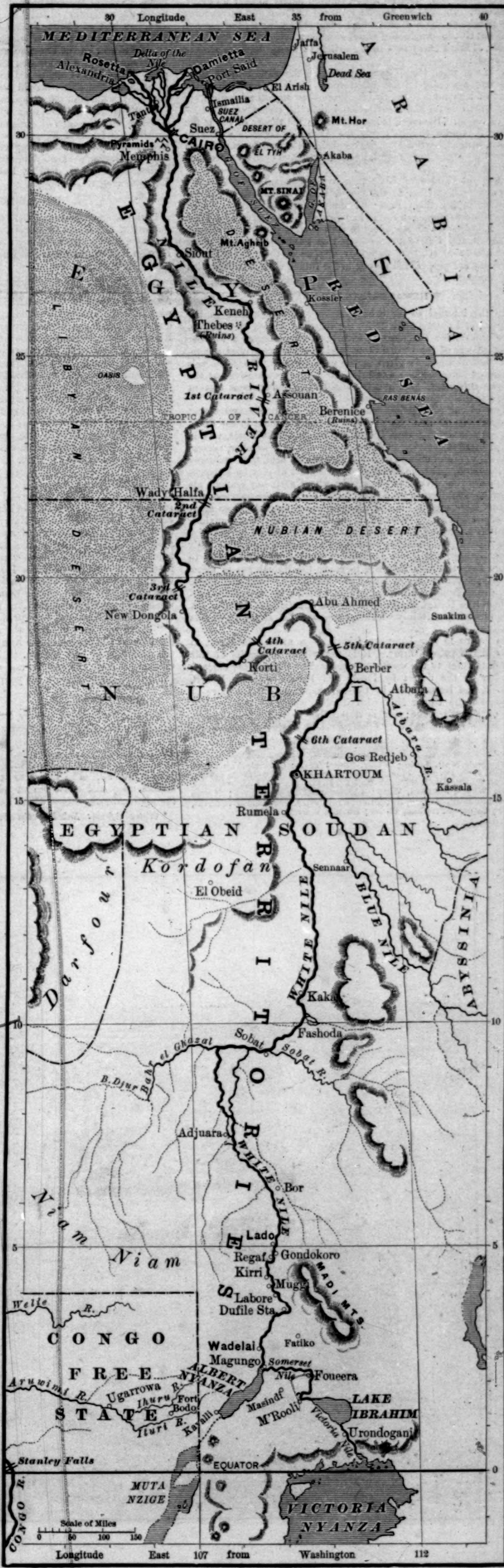
II.—NILE SOURCES DISCOVERERS.

Back to a period prehistoric commenced the movement to discover the Nile sources, and there is reason to believe that they were discovered in a remote age, but have been lost by reason of some such spirit as that to which allusion has been made.

In the great temple of Karnak a large mural inscription recites the expeditions of Theutmosis I., 1667 B.C., in Phœnicia and the Upper Nile countries. Following Theutmosis came Ramses Meiaoum, the great Sesostris, Cambysses, Alexander, and finally the expedition of the Centurion under Nero. An interval of fifteen hundred years separates us from the ancient period, and brings us to the time in 1820 when Mehemet Ali, the first viceroy, undertook the conquest of Nubia and Sennaar, founded the city of Khartoum at the confluence of the White and Blue Niles, and in 1841, having in mind the importance to Egypt of possessing the head waters of a river the which was the soul and body of the country, he organized a Franco-Egyptian expedition, under the engineers St. Arnaud and Sabatier, which succeeded in reaching a point near the mouths of the Bahr-Ghazal and Zaraf. It is not our intention to enter into a complete history of the many travellers who have contributed to build up our knowledge of the Nile River to this time; it is only necessary to add just here that in 1857–61 Captain John Hanning Speke, entering Africa from the east coast, discovered the principal lake, the Victoria, or the Ukerewe; and later, in 1862, Sir Samuel Baker discovered the lake Albert, or the Muta Nzigé.

Ismail Pasha, who had succeeded to the throne of Egypt in 1863, was eager to reap the fruits of these discoveries. He fitted out an expedition in 1869, the command of which was confided to Sir Samuel Baker, with orders to suppress the slave-trade and organize government in what was *per se* Egyptian territory. It is always *le premier pas qui coûte*, and Sir Samuel's experience was no exception thereto. The results obtained did not justify the vast sums expended, but it is only just to Baker to say that he did organize government as far south as Gondokoro, with communicating posts to Foueira, and that he was in both friendly and commercial relations with the natives is proved by the fact that such was the condition of the provinces when his successor assumed charge in 1874. Had Sir Samuel been content to develop at Gondokoro that which he had acquired with great courage and energy, he might have anticipated all that Emin has done, with this in his favor, that no insurrection existed in his rear such as that which has been a constant menace to Emin.

Sir Samuel, however, was possessed with a thirst for the unknown. Without waiting to reap that which he had sown, he set out without any defined purpose, entered a hostile country, and Abou—the wretched Abou—seized the occasion to deal Sir Samuel the death-blow which he gave to his government at Masindi. Within the subjugated provinces peace as perfect as it can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Suez
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EL TYH
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Pyramids
Memphis
CAIRO
Akaba
MT. SINAI
Mt. Aghrib
Siout
ARABIA
EGYPT
LIBYAN DESERT
ARABIAN DESERT
RED SEA
Kosseir
Keneh
Thebes (Ruins)
OASIS
1st Cataract
Assouan
TROPIC OF CANCER
Berenice (Ruins)
RAS BENAS
NILE RIVER
Wady Halfa
2nd Cataract
NUBIAN DESERT
3rd Cataract
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Abu Ahmed
Suakim
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Korti
5th Cataract
Berber
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NUBIA
6th Cataract
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Gos Redjeb
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Kassala
Rumela
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El Obeid
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well be among Africans existed during Sir Samuel's administration, which failed only because Ismail refused longer to bear its excessive cost. In 1873 Sir Samuel returned to Cairo and surrendered his powers to the Khedive, who, undaunted by the halt of government at Gondokoro, looked about him for a successor.

Mr. Edward Dicey says in the article to which we have already referred:

"It was when Ismail's prestige was on the wane that Sir Samuel was succeeded by General Gordon. It is no reproach to the hero of Khartoum to say that he, more than any other single man, is responsible for the insurrection which still endangers the safety of Egypt. His creed is not my creed; his theory of life is not mine....Under Gordon's rule the Arab slave-traders were shot down, hanged, bastinadoed, imprisoned, and ruined for carrying on what they regarded as a legal, time-honored, and even a respectable calling."

And yet Gordon, on his return to the Soudan in 1884, in his famous proclamation to the people whom he had scourged, according to Mr. Dicey, said: "I know that the hardship which opposition to the slave traffic had caused you is very great. To-day I desire you to recommence with perfect freedom the traffic of slaves, and I have given orders that public criers shall make this known to all, that they may dispose of their domestics as they may see proper, and no one in the future shall interfere with the commerce."

III.—AMERICANS IN EGYPT.

In the interval of Sir Samuel Baker's administration in the Soudan, and dating from 1870, the Khedive, with a view to prepare himself for the struggle with the Porte, engaged a number of ex-officers of the United States and Confederate armies, a complete list of whom is given in the note below.* The Khedive's dream of independence was brief, for the representatives of the powers refused to give him the slightest encouragement to that end, and the project was abandoned.

Few of our compatriots who served in Egypt are aware that an American officer named William Eaton, a captain in the Revolutionary army, and then United States Consul at Tunis, was in Egypt in 1804, arriving in Cairo on the 8th of December, accompanied by several officers of the United States fleet, then anchored off Damietta. Eaton was received with great display by Mehemet Ali in the very divans of the citadel where, strangely enough, his American countrymen were to be found, nearly three-quarters of a century later, engaged in the hopeless task of organizing an army out of the fellahs. The Arabs, it is said, lined the streets, anxious to catch a glimpse of the man whom they were told by the wise men "had come from the New World to kiss the hand of their great Bashaw." Eaton's purpose, it should be added, was to secure Mehemet Ali's influence to cause the Mamelukes to allow Hamet, the former Bey of Tunis, who had taken refuge with them, to return to Tunis with the United States fleet, it being then the purpose of the United States to reinstate the fugitive Hamet. A page of history certainly which reads somewhat strangely at this day.

To return to our American friends who arrived in Egypt to enter the Khedivial army. It is not within the limits of this sketch to refer to the work accomplished by all of these officers, whether in the desert by Purdy and Fechét between Keneh, Kosseir, and Berenice, or by Colston and Prout in Darfour; or Mason on the Upper Nile with Gordon, where he made a survey of Baker's Lake; nor is it possible to recite in this limited space the gallant deeds performed by Loring and his brave staff of Americans on the disastrous field of Kaya-Khor, in Abyssinia. It is specially pertinent, however, to refer to Kennon's survey of the cataracts in 1871, made with the view to improve the navigation of the Nile at that point; and, later, the construction by that officer of a countersunk counterpoise battery at Alexandria, the success of which has caused it to be adopted as an experiment on the Potomac, an act of the Fiftieth United States Congress having appropriated the sum of $35,000 for that purpose. This fact is mentioned to show that the skill and genius of an American officer should not be despised, even though it be developed whilst serving temporarily in a foreign service.

Many of the gallant men who offered their swords to the Khedive with the idea of striking a blow for the disenthralment and independence of Egypt have sheathed their swords forever. Brave and sympathetic Campbell fell at Khartoum in the first days of Gordon's expedition, and since then have died Loring, Sibley, Stone, Hunt, Jenifer, Losch, Lamson, Purdy, Parys, and Reynolds (father and son).

IV.—GORDON PASHA.

In the commencement of 1874 General Gordon, then Lieutenant-Colonel of the Royal Engineers, of her Majesty's service, arrived in Cairo, having been, through Nubar Pasha, then Minister for Foreign Affairs, nominated as Governor-General of the equatorial provinces of Egypt.

An American officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Chaillé-Long, was chosen as his chief of staff and commander of the Soudanieh forces. The American's work in Central Africa consisted in making a treaty with M'Tesa, King of Uganda, an instrument which was subsequently made the basis of a diplomatic note to the powers by the Khedive, announcing the annexation of the entire Nile Basin to Egypt. Long's expedition was one full of peril, an account of which has already been published.* When he returned, Gordon welcomed him in the most affectionate manner, and said: "Long, you have done a great work. You will be a hero now. I must photograph you." And Gordon thereupon proceeded to photograph his ragged and wretched looking chief of staff, producing a picture which proved that Gordon was an adept at the art.

It will be interesting to cite here a letter addressed to the New York *Herald*, and published in that journal. It is dated Massawa, Abyssinia, December 11, 1879.

"*To the Editor:*

"Those who may be interested in geographical discoveries will remember that in 1874 Colonel Long, of the Egyptian staff, passed down the Victoria Nile from Namyongo, where Speke was stopped, to M'Rooli, thus at the risk of his life settling the question before unsolved of the identity of the river above Urondogani with that below M'Rooli. He also discovered a lake midway between these places, which he called Lake Ibrahim. Passing that way afterward, I ascertained that the native name of the lake was Cojé and wrote this name on the map. In writing this I in no way wished to take from Colonel Long the merit due to him for his discovery of this lake or for his perilous journey.

"Those who care to study the successive steps which built up the map of the course of the Nile will know that to Speke is due the discovery of one portion, to Baker that of another, and to Colonel Long that of another and of the lake alluded to.

"Believe me yours very sincerely,

"C. G. GORDON."

In writing of this discovery, I have said: "Lake Ibrahim, so named by the Khedive of Egypt in honor of his father, is the home of the lotus and lotus-eaters. On the treacherous bosom of the lake the broad-leaved plant grows luxuriantly, and incessant storms add to the dangers which beset the unwary traveller. This is not all. The immense vegetable matter, when decayed, breaks away and causes great islands to form. On these live the mythical lotus-eaters, whose food is the lotus flower and dried

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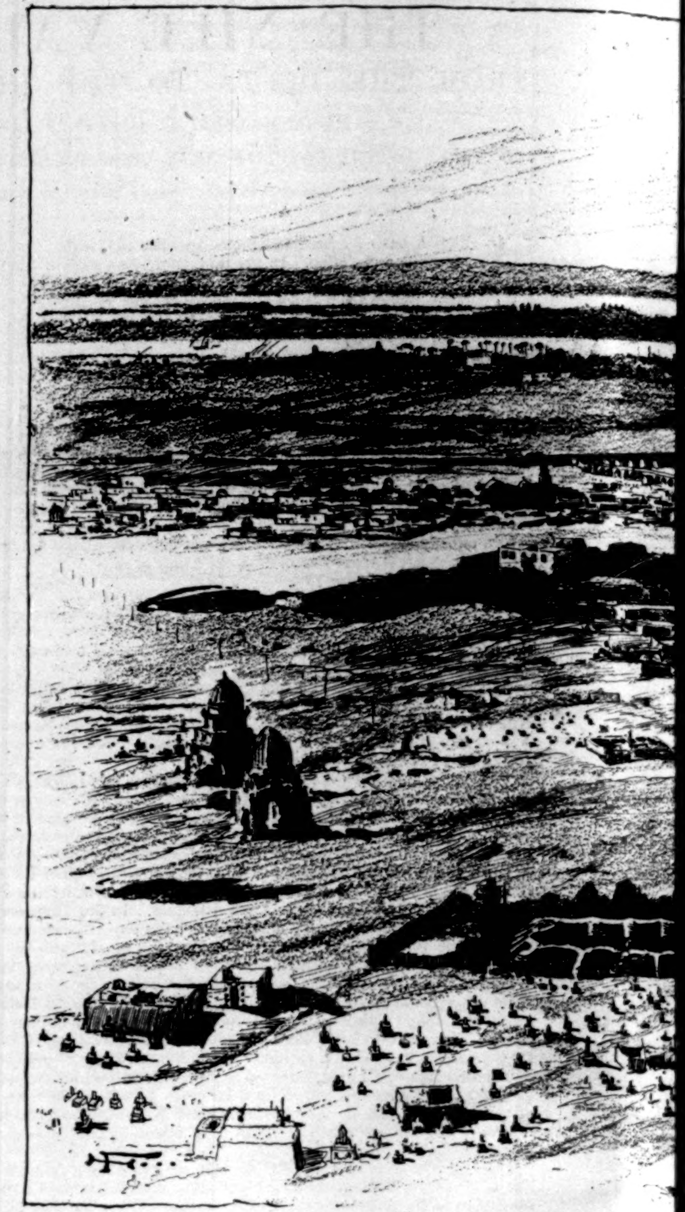
* Generals Mott, Loring, Sibley, Stone, Tévis; Colonels Van Allen, Colston, Dye, Derrick, Field, Jenifer, Kennon, Chaillé-Long, Mason, McIvor, Purdy, Rhett, Reynolds (father), Reynolds (son), Rodgers, Reed, Prout, Whyte, Johnson, Ward; Lieutenant-Colonel Greaves; Majors Denison, Fechét, Morgan, Hunt, Hall, Campbell, Losch, Lamson, Martin, Parys; Captains Freeman, Porter; Doctors Warren, Wilson.

* *Central Africa: Naked Truths of Naked People.* Harper & Brothers.



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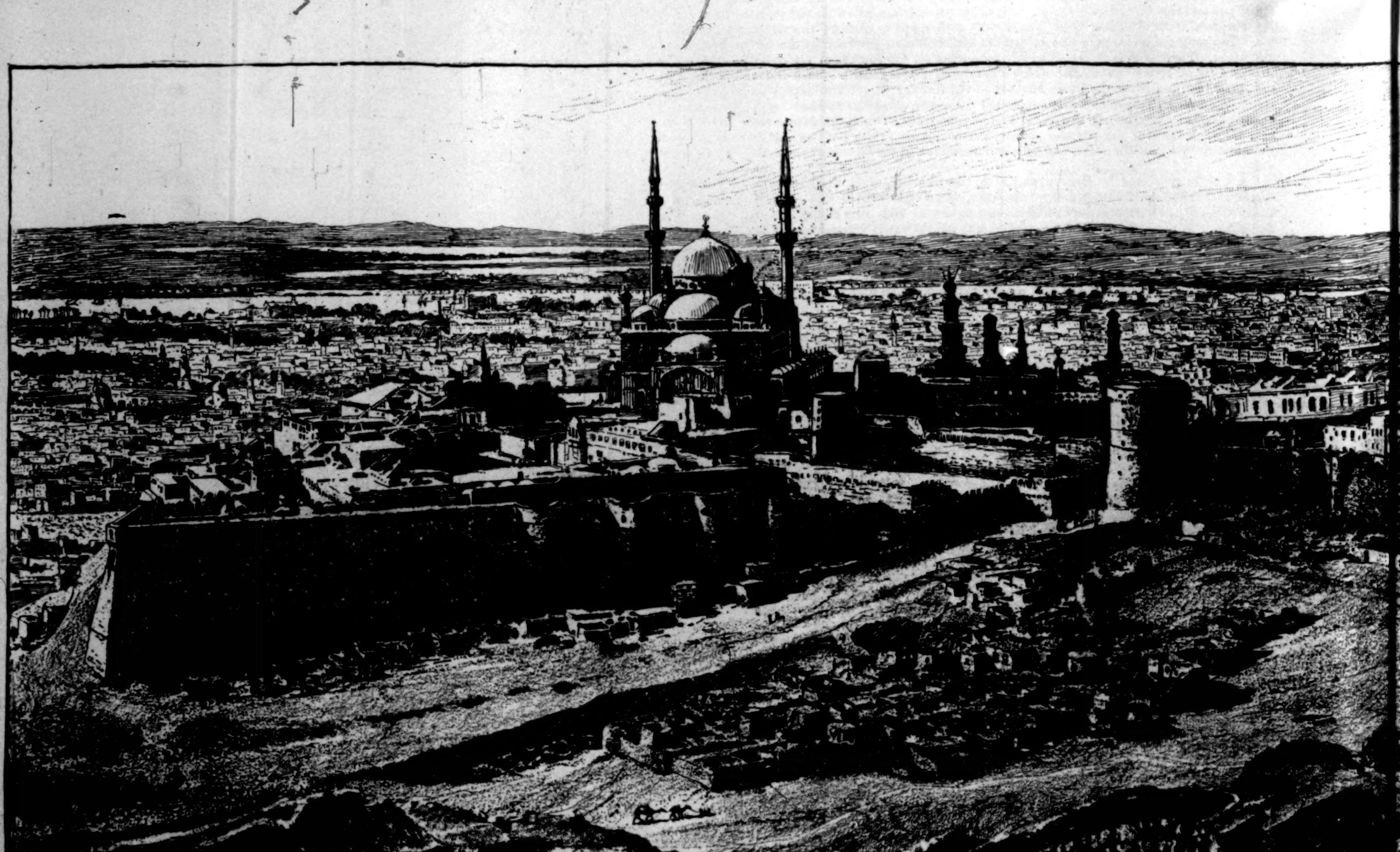
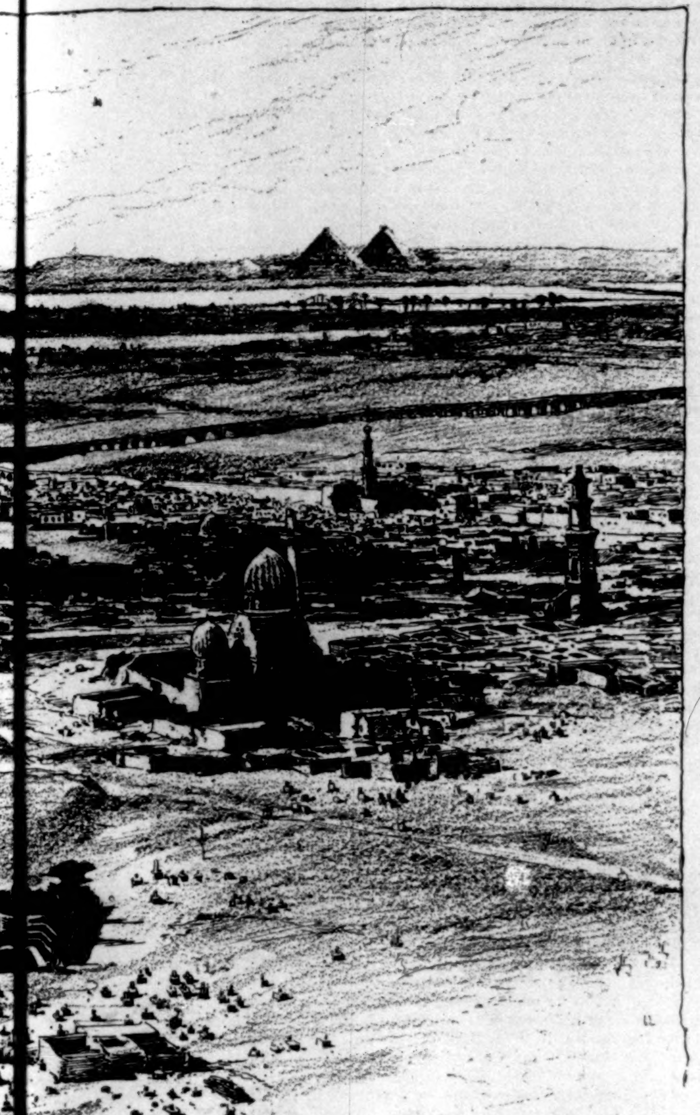


GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY



AMIDS IN THE DISTANCE.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.

fish. The discovery of the lotus and lotus-eaters is another fact snatched from the poetic realm of fiction, for a legend said that the stranger who ate of the lotus forgot his country, and remained forever within its sacred confines a lotophage, and by dire necessity compelled to eat of *ces fleurs en bouton* of the fabled flower."

It has become the habit of the English press to refer to the administration of the Soudan under Gordon as a perfect success. Mr. Dicey, however, as we have seen, thinks differently, and there is but little doubt that he has obtained his information from Sir Evelyn Baring directly. For a fact, so far from paying off any debts, the provinces, which had paid a considerable tribute when Gordon took charge, had become an onerous burden to the government at Cairo in 1879. This fact can be clearly established by reference to Sir Evelyn Baring, the British High Commissioner, who, for this reason, and at the request of the Khedive, insisted upon Gordon's resignation. Sir Evelyn, it is well known, opposed Gordon's return to the Soudan in 1884, and submitted only in face of the popular sentiment, which had been unwisely invoked to that end. Gordon's character, it is needless to say, was above reproach. In his exalted role of an uncrowned king, as in the man himself, there could not exist the vulgar thirst for money. In this Gordon was truly above the common herd, and it is perhaps this quality chiefly which has won for him such great regard. Many of his subordinates were raised from the humblest stations, and oftentimes were quick to perceive Gordon's ill-concealed contempt for money, and speculated thereon. A servant would be given, for instance, the pay of a colonel or pasha, and others told to help themselves. The confusion which resulted, both in discipline as well as in the finances, was incalculable.

To recur to the Abou Saoud incident as an illustration of some of the peculiarities and inconsistencies of Gordon, his chief of staff relates the following, which occurred during the first journey up the Nile: "Gordon frequently talked to a little negro on the steamer, and affected to discuss with him (for Long's benefit) the policy or impolicy of his appointment of Abou to his government; Abou, it being understood, had been imprisoned by Baker, and Gordon had released him and made him his *vekil*. Gordon would say to the boy, '*Abou Saoud tiib? Abou battal?*' (What think you of Abou? Is he good? is he bad?) The little savage, wondering and flattered that the great white man should ask his opinion, replied, '*Tiib*' (Good). 'I told you so, Long. You see, out of the mouth of babes and sucklings has He ordained strength. Are you convinced?' 'Not quite,' I replied; for I believed Abou to be a scoundrel."

The following from his chief of staff may serve to point the moral of much that is looked upon as eccentric in Gordon, but which shows the stamp of a studied and persistent purpose. He says; "Upon my return from the expedition (Niam-Niam, 1875), I found Gordon awaiting me at Regaf. It was there that he proposed that we should divide the provinces between us. 'Take,' said he, 'from Fatiko south; I will take the rest'—meaning from Regaf, near Gondokoro, to Khartoum. 'We will govern here. These people should not belong either to the Arabs or the Turks.' I replied: 'No, colonel, I have no ambition to reign among savages. I've quite enough of savages and savage country.' Whereupon he said: 'Well, you know, you and I can never live together—it won't do. I am not mean, however; here is a letter to the Khedive. Go to Cairo. I have recommended that you command an expedition in order to open an equatorial road from the Indian Ocean to the lakes. The road is much shorter than by the Nile, the difficulties of which you will tell the Khedive.' Adding, '*This expedition you must insist shall be under my government.* I will meet you half-way on the road from M'Tesa.'"

Taken in conjunction with the "Divine Figure from the North," as represented by Forbes, which entered Khartoum on the morning of the 18th of February, 1884, which burned up every vestige of practical government, distributed money, and which proclaimed itself in violation of all orders, whether from British or Egyptian sources, the *Vali* and Sultan of the Soudan, there is but one conclusion—that Gordon's whole intention in returning to the Soudan was government, and *government for his own account*. Gordon made one fatal and vital mistake in this move. He said in Cairo, when *en route*, "I am convinced that it is an entire mistake to regard the Mahdi as in any sense a religious leader; he personifies popular discontent. All the Soudanese are potential Mahdis, just as all the Egyptians are potential Arabic. The movement is not religious, but an outbreak of despair."

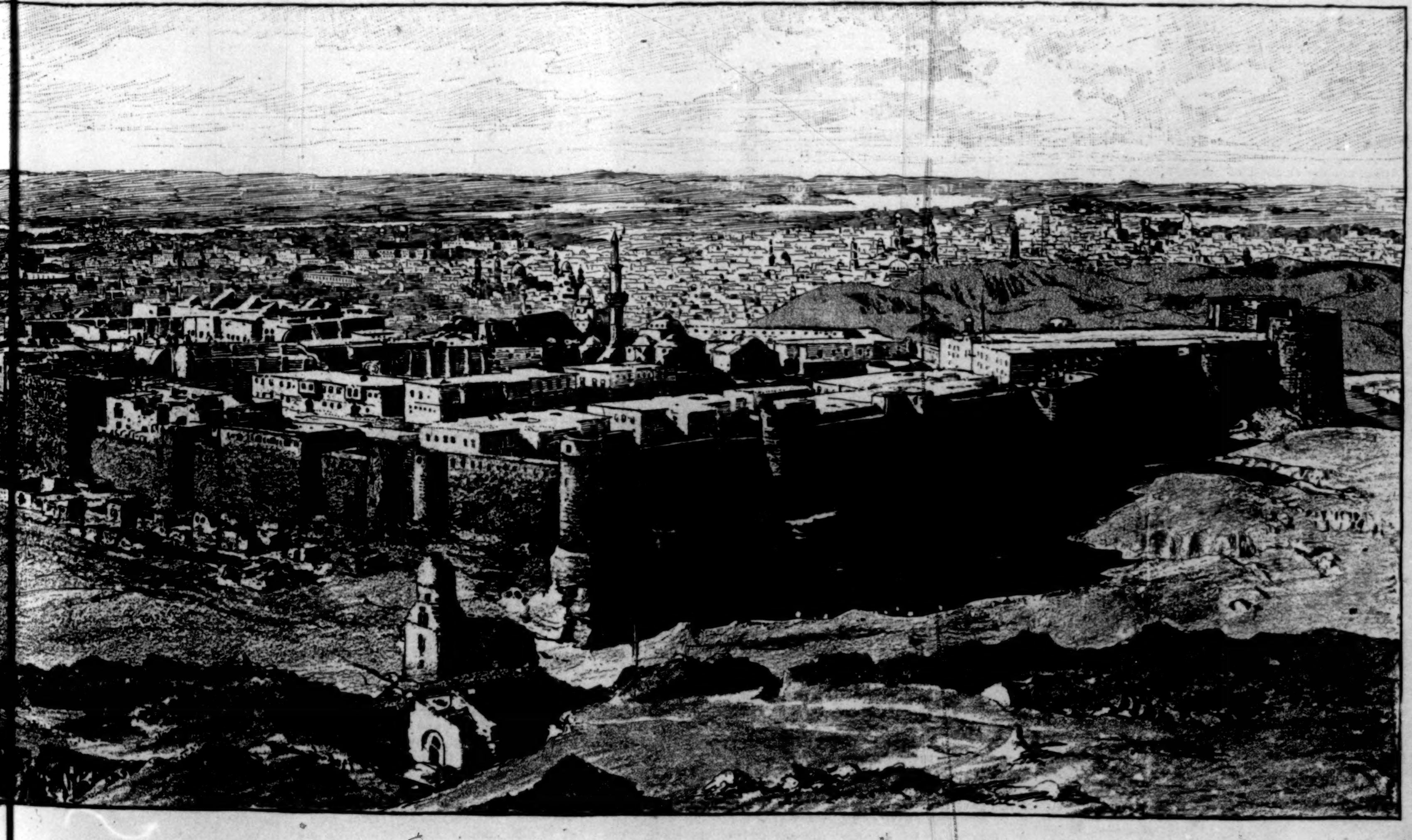
We have learned how utterly causeless was the rebellion of Arabi, which was merely a military revolt precipitated by Ismail first, and then by Nubar Pasha and Rivers Wilson, who undertook to disband the army without pay. The Mahdi's rebellion, however, was a religious movement, and is still maintained by the religious society of the Sid-es-Senoussi. It is a part of the unwritten history of Gordon's return to the Soudan in 1884 that the Khedive Tewfick Pasha, in the presence of Sir Evelyn Baring, protested against his return, and urged that he, Gordon, less than any European, should not go to Khartoum, because of his unpopularity, and because of the general ruin which had resulted from his former administration. Besides, added the Khedive, "the rebellion is a religious movement, and there is not money enough to buy them off. If you still persist in going, I wash my hands of all responsibility, for I warn you that you will never leave Khartoum alive." Gordon's faith, however, in the power of gold was greater than the Khedivial warning. He refused the counsel, refused the troops which Mr. Gladstone offered him, and voluntarily shutting himself up in the trap which awaited him, the Mahdi toyed with him for his own purpose until the curtain fell upon a scene the exact nature of which is wrapt still in mystery..

V.—EMIN PASHA AND STANLEY.

Emin Pasha succeeded to the government of the equatorial provinces in 1878. In 1875 Hans Schnitzler, a German subject, having studied in the medical institutes of Paris, Vienna, and Berlin, and possessing decided tastes for botany, geology, and anthropology, made his way from the Red Sea to Khartoum. Gordon engaged him for his medical services, and finally sent him to Fatiko, as mudir or subgovernor of that post, and it was there in 1876 that Dr. Schnitzler formally adopted the Moslem religion, and assumed from that moment the Arabic title of *Emin Effendi Hakim*—the faithful doctor. Emin has displayed great endurance and courage in the difficult rôle which he has had to sustain. In his letter dated Wadelai, April 17, 1887, he concludes: "I have won the trust and confidence of the people, sowing the seeds of a splendid future civilization. It is out of the question to leave." And yet Emin has been induced by Mr. Stanley to surrender his government and people, and return to the coast; but he has done so with manifest reluctance, and there seems, even from the published correspondence, to have been some serious misunderstanding between the rescuer and the rescued on this subject. It is certain that no good can come of this surrender. It adds greatly to the strength of the Mahdists, who now hold the river from its sources to Wady Halfa, and the shadows of the Mahdi and Osman Digma, which are again looming up on the physical boundary of Egypt, threaten to become a permanent plague to the unhappy country whose viceroy, if left alone, and in his rôle of *Muslimine* (Arabic word meaning Mussulman), would be master of a situation which is not only a curse to Egypt, but which seems about to dissipate for all time the seeds of that "splendid future civilization" which has been planted by the devoted and faithful Emin.

In the light of its results, Mr. Stanley's expedition can scarcely be deemed a labor of love, but a labor which has been performed in vain, or for some other purpose than the relief of Emin.

Should Emin recover from the unfortunate accident which has overtaken him at Bagamoyo, Egypt, sustained by all the powers, should send the faithful Pasha back to his post as the best champion of future civilization.



OF CAIRO.—Drawn by Harry Fenn.